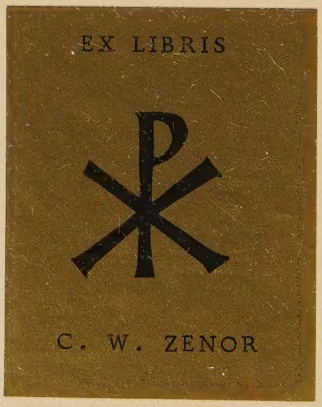
MORE HYMN STORIES

CARL F. PRICE


EX LIBRIS
C. W. ZENOR

G.M. Elliott Library
Cincinnati Bible College & Seminary
2700 Glenway Avenue
P.O. Box 04320
Cincinnati, Ohio 45204-3200

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/morehymnstories0000carl

OTHER BOOKS BY MR. PRICE

CURIOSITIES OF THE HYMNAL

THE MUSIC AND HYMNODY OF THE METHODIST HYMNAL

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE HYMN STORIES

MORE HYMN STORIES

By CARL F. PRICE

THE CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
LIBRARY

THE ABINGDON PRESS
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

264.2
P945m

Copyright, 1929, by
CARL F. PRICE

All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian

Printed in the United States of America

29818

TO

CHARLES EDWARD FERREE

Preface

It is the hope of the author that this second collection of hymn stories may prove to be as helpful as many readers of *One Hundred and One Hymn Stories* have testified in gracious letters that they have found that book to be. An increasing number of people are discovering that a judicious use of hymn stories encourages more intelligent, and therefore more helpful, hymn-singing. When the purpose and meaning of a hymn are understood, its real message may often be better appreciated.

It may be of interest to the reader to know how this book was begun. At a dinner given in honor of that great Bible-class teacher, Robert H. Robinson, upon his birthday celebration, on Fifth Avenue, New York city, I was seated beside an old friend, Edward J. Rosenthal, a Hebrew gentleman. He mentioned his favorite hymn, Georg Neumark's "Leave God to order all thy ways," which he had learned during school days in Courland and had cherished through his subsequent years. He then recounted a story about this hymn, that had been repeated to his class, when he was a schoolboy.

One winter a blizzard swept over his country, filling the mountains and valleys with heavy drifts of snow. When the sun came out an avalanche of snow rolled down the steep side of a mountain, completely enveloping, but not crushing, a country schoolhouse, where a teacher and her pupils were working on their daily lessons. They were unharmed, but utterly unable to escape. The townspeople at once organized a force with shovels to rescue them, but so widespread was the avalanche that the schoolhouse was lost in the snow and they could not tell where to direct their digging.

Meanwhile, the children became terrified by the long delay; but their teacher reminded them that they must trust in God, and started them singing this familiar hymn, in their native tongue:

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide."

The song not only calmed the children but also gave their rescuers, who heard the singing, an exact idea of where they could dig the lane by which the prisoners finally made their escape.

On returning home that night I did not retire until I had "dug out" the story of the origin of this hymn to send to my friend. From that beginning this collection has gradually grown to completion. While some of the material is here presented for the first time, the author has also drawn freely upon recognized sources of hymnological authority, the aim in these cases being the selection of the salient points in the story of each hymn which should help the reader (and the audience to whom he may repeat the story) to a better understanding and use of the hymn.

CARL F. PRICE.

New York, January 1, 1929.

Leave God to Order All Thy Ways

(If thou but suffer God to guide thee)

GEORG NEUMARK, 1621-1681
(Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1829-1878)

WHEN Georg Neumark, twenty years old, graduated from the Gymnasium at Gotha in Thuringia, September, 1641, he took what money he had and started for Königsberg, where he planned to enter the university. After visiting the Michaelmas Fair at Leipzig, he was journeying through Magdeburg in company with some others, when a band of highwaymen attacked and robbed them on the Gardelegen Heath. Poor Neumark lost the money he had saved for his university education and was left with only a prayer-book and a few coins sewed in his clothing.

For months he could not find any work at Magdeburg or in other cities which he and his stranded fellow travelers visited. At last in Kiel he found a friend in a pastor, who also had been born in Thuringia; and, though he waited many days for an opportunity, at last around Christmas time a place as tutor was found for him in the family of Judge Stephen Henning, his predecessor having fallen into disgrace and fled from Kiel.

He immediately wrote this hymn of trust in God, regarding as providential this good fortune through which in the following months he was enabled to earn enough to pursue his studies at the university. The sublime confidence in God's guidance, expressed in this hymn, carried him safely through other crises in his life—the loss of all his possessions by fire in 1646 and the loss of his sight in 1681. For nearly three centuries the hymn has cheered the hearts of men overborne by trials and hardships by bringing them to a deeper trust in God's goodness. (See Preface.)

Dread Jehovah: God of Nations

C. F. (1804)

Most of the time from 1793 to 1815 England was at war with France, at first against the leaders of the French Revolution and later against the aggressions of Napoleon. In 1794 the English forces were driven from Toulon by a young artillery officer from Corsica, Napoleon Bonaparte, this being Britain's first experience with his military skill. Four years later his conquest of Egypt threatened British rule in India, but Nelson's destruction of the French ships thwarted Napoleon.

In May, 1803, after the Peace of Amiens, 1802—an interlude in the war—the preparation of new armaments in French ports on the Channel caused hostilities to break out anew. Napoleon was determined to invade England, "the one country where freedom in any sense remained." He declared, "Fifteen millions of people must give way to forty millions." To the camp of one hundred thousand men at Boulogne Napoleon appeared in 1804 and said, "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours and we are masters of the world."

All England was frightfully alarmed. The king appointed a day of humiliation and prayer, which was thus announced in the *Christian Observer:* "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Friday, the twenty-fifth of May next, to be observed throughout England and Ireland as a day of public humiliation and fasting."

The hymn, "Dread Jehovah," written for the occasion, was widely used:

> "Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
> Hear us, spare us, and defend."

Those prayers were answered. The admiral, to whom the dividing of the English fleet was intrusted, suddenly died. The invasion was delayed and the next year Nelson defeated the combined fleets off Cape Trafalgar.

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

WILLIAM COWPER cherished the ambition to become the bard of Christianity. But the mental malady, which led him to attempt suicide by "laudanum, knife, and cord," just when the clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords was within reach, blighted most of the ambitions of his life. Could he have known that his hymns were destined to be a blessing to the Christian Church for two centuries and possibly more, he might have felt a greater satisfaction in his work. "His great poems," says H. Leigh Bennett, "show no trace of his monomania, and are full of healthy piety." This may be said in general also of his hymns, although some of them bear a distinct relation to his mental sufferings, and especially the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way."

James Montgomery wrote concerning the hymn: "It is a lyric of high tone and character, and rendered awfully interesting by the circumstances under which it was written—in the twilight of departing reason." Some have thought it was written after the poet's attempted suicide by drowning in the Ouse at Olney in October, 1773. But evidently it preceded the event.

His friend, the Rev. John Newton, with whom he afterward produced the famous *Olney Hymns,* said that his attempt at suicide was due to his perfect spirit of submission; "for it was solely owing to the power the enemy had of impressing upon his disturbed imagination that it was the will of God he should, after the example of Abraham, perform an expensive act of sacrifice, and offer, not a son, but himself." Feeling a presentiment of this, on a solitary walk in the fields at Olney he wrote this hymn.

We Knelt Before Kings, We Bent Before Lords

WILLIAM P. MERRILL, 1867-

ONE morning in May, 1909, the newspapers contained the account of a thrilling speech on the national budget, delivered on the previous day before the British House of Commons by Lloyd George. So strong and convincing was his advocacy of a number of reforms on behalf of the common people that his proposals were hailed by many as marking a new stage in the onward march of human liberty. He urged the establishment of old-age pensions, insurance against illness and unemployment, an increased taxation upon land and incomes; and out of this startling program there developed the limitation of the veto power of the House of Lords.

This so fired the imagination of Dr. William P. Merrill, now pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, that he immediately wrote his stirring hymn on human rights,

"We knelt before kings, we bent before lords;
For theirs were the crowns, and theirs were the swords;
But the times of the bending and bowing are past,
And the day of the people is dawning at last."

Laid aside for a while, in 1913 the hymn was printed in the *Continent* and afterward as a part of that pioneer collection of social-service hymns, published by *The Survey* and eventually forming the book, *Social Hymns*. It was used by Doctor Merrill as a climax to a longer poem, "Men of America," based on a quotation from Job. 22. 8, "But as for the mighty man, he had the earth; and the honorable man dwelt in it," which was read before the Delta Upsilon Convention of 1912. (See note on p. 111.)

How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord

Because in his 1787 hymn book[1] Dr. John Rippon chose not to print the name of the author of "How firm a foundation," its authorship has since become one of the many challenging mysteries of hymnology. The only clue he gave was a single letter, "K—," after the number and meter of the hymn. This gave rise to many theories. Some thought that this stood for George Keith, a London book-seller, who wrote hymns to illustrate the sermons of his father-in-law, Doctor Gill. Others concluded it meant Thomas Kirkham, a hymn-book editor (1788). Still others ascribed it to Caroline Keene, or to the Rev. William Kingsbury.

The cryptic "K," however, is now usually interpreted by hymnologists to mean R. Keene, the precentor in Doctor Rippon's Particular Baptist Church in London, and composer of the tune, "Geard," to which it was originally sung.

Bishop Phillips Brooks's first speech in the House of Bishops was a vehement plea for including this hymn in the *Protestant Episcopal Hymnal,* not for its literary value, but for its associations and its doctrinal value. It still remains there, though omitted from hymnals of the Church of England and of Wesleyan Methodists. In America it has long been popular and helpful. General Andrew Jackson, approaching death, asked his friends to sing this, the favorite hymn of his wife. General Lee loved it, and it was sung at his funeral.

Dr. S. I. Prime tells the story of an unconverted man and his wife, coming to New York to identify their murdered son. They found deep comfort in singing this hymn in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

[1] *A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors, Intended to Be an Appendix to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns.* By John Rippon, A.M.

From Glory Unto Glory

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879

DECEMBER 2, 1873, twelve days before her thirty-seventh birthday, marked a new stage in the spiritual life of that devout woman, Frances Ridley Havergal, which led directly to the writing of this hymn, three weeks later. While she was visiting at Winterdyne, she received a little book, *All for Jesus,* describing a fullness of Christian experience which she had not yet reached. In acknowledging the book, she wrote the author: "I do so long for a deeper and fuller teaching in my own heart. . . . I know that I love Jesus, and there are times when I feel such intensity of love to Him that I have not words to describe it. I rejoice, too, in Him as my 'Master' and 'Sovereign,' but I want to come nearer still, to have the full realization of John 14. 21, and to know 'the power of His resurrection,' even if it be with the fellowship of His sufferings. And all this, not exactly for my own joy alone, but for others."

That realization came. "Yes, it was on Advent Sunday, December 2, 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you *see* you can never *unsee*. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other."

The hymn was written on Christmas Eve, made happy by this new experience which crowned the old year and made radiant the prospect of "Another glad New Year." To a friend she wrote: "I send you my own New Year's motto and message. It is a wonderful word, 'from glory unto glory.' . . . 1873 has been a year of unprecedented blessing to me. I think you will see this in 'From Glory unto Glory.' "

Jesus, the Calm That Fills My Breast

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1850-

IN the spring of 1884 Dr. Frank Mason North, then a member of the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, concluded his pastorate in White Plains, New York, and became pastor of Calvary Church, New York city. In the summer of 1884, the year before their marriage, Doctor North and Miss Louise J. McCoy (who later became Mrs. North) were both at Magnolia, on the shores of Cape Ann, Massachusetts. In a conversation about hymns Miss McCoy spoke of John Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, Thou source of calm repose," as a favorite at the chapel services of Wellesley College. This was Wesley's translation from Freylinghausen's "Wer ist wohl wie Du," which he had included in his "Charles-town" hymnal, with the first line rendered thus: "O Jesus, Source of calm repose." On the next morning, August 3, 1884, Doctor North gave to Miss McCoy the first copy of a hymn which he had written after their conversation on the evening before, "Jesus, the calm that fills my breast." Though suggested by the theme of Wesley's hymn, Doctor North's lines treat the subject of Christian calm in an entirely different vein of thought and in a contrasting emotional key. Even the meter and verse plan are different. Doctor North's hymn is more poetic than Wesley's and has great power to induce in the reader or singer the true spirit of calm. He entitled it "A Hymn of Trust," and it was first published in *The Christian Advocate* on February 19, 1885.

Mrs. McCoy, who with her daughter was then on the staff of Wellesley College, had come to know Dr. Lyman Abbott, a frequent preacher before the Wellesley students. When, a few years later, he was preparing the *Plymouth Hymnal,* Mrs. McCoy showed to him a copy of this hymn, and thus Doctor North's first hymn found hymnal publication.

Who Are These Arrayed in White?

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY and the Methodist movement they founded owed more than is generally recognized to their godly mother, Susanna, the wife of the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Mother of nineteen children and wife of the impecunious and somewhat improvident rector of the Church of England at Epworth, she bore heavy responsibilities and sometimes suffered distressing trials. Debts oppressed the poor minister, and these with his political indiscretions gathered enemies against him. They burned his hay, stole his flax, poisoned his cows, and burned down his house. But the stalwart Christian woman whom these calamities burdened most heavily never lost her serenity and strength of spirit. Her chief business she made the education and religious training of her children, whose remarkable qualities were developed largely by her strong intellect and godly devotion.

John Wesley tells us he was with his mother when she passed away on July 23, 1742; and, fulfilling her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech, her children, as soon as she departed, stood around her bed and sang a psalm of praise to God. Three years later, with the memory of that wonderful mother in his mind, Charles Wesley wrote the hymn, "What are these arrayed in white?" (now rendered, "*Who* are these"). We may well imagine, as he wrote "These are they that bore the cross," he was saying, "My mother bore *her* cross"; "Nobly for their Master stood"—"*She* always stood nobly for Him"; "Sufferers in His righteous cause, Followers of the dying God"—"That describes *her* faithfully!" And the triumph of the "more than conquerors at last" with "all their sufferings passed" he knew to be her just reward. The hymn was first published in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1836-1918

DURING his lifetime, Dr. Washington Gladden was recognized as one of the greatest preachers in America, one of the foremost leaders of the Congregational Church. Since his death, he still speaks in his thirty books and in his hymns, the most notable being this hymn of humble Christian service. Before he entered Williams College he learned the printer's trade and early became interested in the art of writing. After eleven years as pastor of different churches in the East he resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church in North Adams, Massachusetts, in 1871, to become one of the editors of *The Independent* (New York). Returning to pastoral work in 1875 at Springfield, Massachusetts, he found time to be editor of a weekly paper, *Sunday Afternoon.*

One delightful feature of *Sunday Afternoon* was the department known as "The Still Hour," devoted to religious subjects; and for this in March, 1879, he wrote "O Master, let me walk with Thee." Despite his comment, "I had no thought of making a hymn when I wrote these verses," they have become one of America's favorite hymns.

Those who knew his family life intimately realized how courageously he bore "the strain of toil, the fret of care" during the long years when his wife's distressing malady and helplessness were a heavy burden, and how bravely he sang:

> "Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
> In closer, dearer company,
> In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
> In trust that triumphs over wrong."

His volume, *Applied Christianity,* and his other books and addresses on social service gave voice to that modern movement, of which this service hymn was one of the earliest and most popular lyrics.

Be Strong!

MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK, 1858-1901

WHEN Doctor Babcock had been pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, but one year he was so greatly loved that the news of his sudden death, May 18, 1901, in International Hospital, Naples, Italy, following an attack of Mediterranean fever, caused widespread mourning throughout the city, and indeed the nation also. His former parish in Baltimore, which, to the great distress of his people there, he had left but one year before, at once decided to erect a $50,000 memorial church in his memory. It was while pastor at Baltimore that he wrote "Be strong!" Another memorial to him was a posthumous volume of his writings, *Thoughts for Every Day Living*, 1901, edited by Mrs. Babcock (formerly Miss Katherine Tallman, of Poughkeepsie, New York), containing among other poems this hymn.

The author of "Be strong!" was an athlete in body, mind, and spirit. The hymn is eloquent of his own life. When only sixteen years old, he had a great reputation as a baseball player—a pitcher. One day, on the school baseball grounds, a big boy was bullying some little fellows with much profanity. Maltbie took him by the nape of the neck and the seat of his trousers and tossed him over the fence, laughingly shouting, "Over the fence is out!" In Syracuse University, where he graduated in 1879, he was president of the baseball club. His biographer says: "During his ministry his reputation as an athlete and his taste for athletic pursuits followed him. The boys of the town, as well as those of his parish, would involuntarily get up their muscle, as they saw him coming near, assuring themselves that what he did not know about athletics was not worth knowing."[1]

[1] *Maltbie Davenport Babcock*, by Charles E. Robinson. Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers.

Intellectually, he was an athlete. Back in his school days in his studies he realized that

> "We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
> We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
> Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift."

In college he stood in the front rank of his class in scholarship and continued that high standard of study through his course at Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1883. Throughout his three pastorates at Lockport, Baltimore, and New York city, he was vigorous in his intellectual output of sermons, addresses, writings and also musical compositions. The organist of the Brick Church once gave a whole recital of Doctor Babcock's organ compositions. Especially notable was his work among students in schools and colleges—Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. Anson Phelps Stokes recalls his last sermon at Yale on "Power," tracing the use of the word throughout the New Testament.

Spiritually, he was an athlete. This was the secret of his great power with the people who thronged to hear his invigorating spiritual messages, Sunday after Sunday. His ideal of spiritual development was expressed in the words of Paul, which Babcock quoted in preface to his poem, "O Lord, I pray": "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3. 14).

Day Is Dying in the West

MARY ARTEMESIA LATHBURY, 1841-1913

THE Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, growing out of the summer assemblies at Chautauqua, New York, combined with its educational purposes the development also of a devotional spirit among its members, on the theory so frequently set forth by one of Chautauqua's founders, Dr. J. H. Vincent (afterward Bishop Vincent), that education and religion should progress hand in hand.

Sometimes he told, in illustrating this, the story of Blondin, famous tight-rope walker, who crossed Niagara Falls on a rope, to the horror and fascination of thousands of witnesses, always keeping in his hands, however, a balancing-rod with a weight on each end. Had he lost either weight, he would have been plunged into the fatal maelstrom below. A man crossing the tight-rope of life should have the balances of both education and religion. If he has religion without education, he tends to plunge into fanaticism: if he has education without religion, he falls into agnosticism or atheism.

Accordingly, after a day of lectures and of study, the Chautauqua students would gather for a vesper service about the time of sunset; and those who attended these sacred seasons of worship while the day was "dying in the west" can never forget either their spiritual uplift or the beauty of some of the Chautauqua sunsets, when "Heaven is touching earth with rest."

For this vesper service Doctor Vincent felt the need of a distinctive Chautauqua hymn; and in the summer of 1880 he asked Miss Mary A. Lathbury, recognized poet of the institution, to write such a hymn. "Day is dying in the west" was the happy result, and so beautifully does it express the spirit of those services that it was adopted by Chautauqua circles throughout the world and passed into our hymnals.

Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1637-1711

THE term "Doxology" may be applied to the Tersanctus, Alleluia, or any form of ascription of praise to the Blessed Trinity, according to Julian's definition. The best known in English hymnody, even in Wesley's days, has been this majestic quatrain with which Bishop Ken ended his Morning Hymn, Evening Hymn, and Midnight Hymn.

In Lancashire, England, the cotton famine had reduced the unemployed to destitution. When the first wagon-load of cotton finally arrived, they unharnessed the horse and drew the wagon through the streets, singing with tears of joy, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."[1]

Christians use it almost spontaneously in times of great joy or triumph. But it was left to the indefatigable Charles Wesley to sing it when the house was tumbling down, in the midst of a frightful disaster. He was preaching in Leeds to a hundred people, gathered in a rickety, old building, when suddenly the weight of his audience proved too great a strain for the beams of the flooring and they gave way with a crash. The whole company was plunged into the room below and covered with dust and mortar. Fortunately, no lives were lost, but some people were injured. His diary records that "one sister had her arm broken and set immediately; rejoicing with joy unspeakable." Of himself he says: "I slid down softly and alighted upon my feet; my hand was bruised and some skin rubbed off my head, and I lost my senses. But I lifted up my head soon, and saw the people under me heaps upon heaps. I called out 'The Lord is with us,' and then I struck up singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

[1] Another instance of its use is given in *One Hundred and One Hymn Stories* (The Abingdon Press).

God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand

DANIEL C. ROBERTS, 1841-1907

WHEN the midnight bell struck twelve, ushering in the Fourth of July, 1876, the day which marked the end of the first century of American Independence, the vast throng assembled about the Old State House in Independence Square, Philadelphia, burst into song, a mighty chorus, led by a choir of many hundreds of trained singers. Their song was the hymn of that sturdy old British lover of independence and righteousness, Bishop Thomas Ken—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—and it was sung in glad recognition of the fact that the blessings of the American republic had come from the God of our fathers.

All over the United States on that memorable centennial day, the American people gathered in cities and villages for the celebration of the event, so unusual in modern history, the one hundredth birthday of a republic; and the jubilation was intensified by the memory of the victorious outcome of the Civil War struggle, only a little over a decade before. Very generally these celebrations were marked by the singing of hymns, praising God for his great goodness to our land.

In the town of Brandon, Vermont, they sought for someone to express their devout gratitude in a hymn. The rector of Saint Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, was a veteran of the Civil War, having served in the Eighty-fourth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, and besides he was a writer of verse. When they asked him to write their hymn, he produced the majestic lines, beginning, "God of our fathers, whose almighty hand," and this was sung at the Brandon celebration that day to the tune, "Russian Hymn." Later, George William Warren composed to these words his melody, "National Hymn."

When Peace, Like a River, Attendeth My Way

HORATIO G. SPAFFORD, 1828-1888

THAT man who can sing "It is well with my soul" at a time in his life "When sorrows like sea-billows roll," has learned the secret of the Lord, and can faithfully exclaim with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Such a man was Horatio G. Spafford, a lawyer in Chicago. When the great fire swept that city in 1871, he lost all of his material possessions. Two years later he sent his wife and their four children to Europe, while he addressed himself more vigorously to retrieving his lost fortune. They sailed, November 15, 1873, on the Ville de Havre. In mid-ocean, one afternoon six days after they had sailed, the ship collided with a sailing vessel. Gathering her children on deck, immediately after the collision, Mrs. Spafford knelt in prayer, asking God to save them, or make them willing to die, if that were necessary. In fifteen minutes the ship sank. They were cast into the ocean and separated. Mrs. Spafford was taken out of the water, unconscious, by one of the oarsmen, but the children were lost. Ten days later she landed in Cardiff, Wales, and cabled her husband: "Saved alone."

On receiving this terrible news, Spafford exclaimed, "It is well: the will of God be done!" And to give an expression to his faith he wrote the hymn which has blessed so many souls in deep trouble, "When peace, like a river, attendeth my way."

A gentleman, ruined in the panic of 1899, was giving himself up to despair, when a friend related to him the story of the writing of this hymn. Immediately he responded, "If Spafford could write such a beautiful resignation hymn, I will never complain again."

Lord, It Belongs Not to My Care

RICHARD BAXTER, 1615-1691

BAXTER was a devout, lion-hearted Puritan, who flamed and preached in England during the ascendency of the Commonwealth and Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, but upon the Restoration, when Charles II came to the throne, stoutly refused to conform with the ecclesiastical laws and thus secure his position. "To live and serve Thee is my share," he sings, "And this Thy grace must give." Born in Routon, 1615, he served as Curate of Kidderminster, 1640-60, a part of the time being a chaplain in Cromwell's army; and then he went to London.

On August 24, 1662, the Act of Uniformity, adopted by Charles' Parliament the preceding May, went into effect, requiring all clergymen, fellows, and schoolmasters to assent to everything in the Church of England Prayer Book. He dissented and was compelled to abandon preaching. One day, holding family prayers with more than four people, he was apprehended, and for that crime spent six months in prison. In 1673 he was permitted to preach again; but in 1685 because of an alleged seditious passage in his *Paraphrase of the New Testament* was brought before King James' unspeakable judge, Jeffreys. The trial was outrageous. To Jeffreys' insult, "Richard, I see the rogue in thy face," Baxter replied, "I had not known before that my face was a mirror." He was imprisoned for two years.

The spirit in which he bore his tribulations shines through the hymn, "Lord, it belongs not to my care," taken from a longer poem on resignation, beginning "My whole, though broken heart, O Lord." Entitled "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith," it bore this inscription, "This Covenant, my dear wife, in her former sickness, subscribed with a cheerful will." His book, *Saints' Everlasting Rest,* is one of the classics of devotional literature.

Our Fathers' God, to Thee We Raise

BENJAMIN COPELAND, 1855-

DOCTOR COPELAND was pastor of the Richmond Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, New York, when (1898) he wrote this hymn. He says:

"The hymn was begun in Buffalo and finished the following day at Chautauqua, where Mrs. Copeland and I had gone for a few days' recreation. It was soon after the close of the Spanish-American War, and shortly before the formal ratification of the terms of peace. As I was writing the lines, I was impressed with the conviction that the terms of peace would enlarge us, territorially, and by so much augment our influence and responsibility; which explains the stanza, beginning,

> 'Thy wisdom, Lord, Thy guidance, lend,
> Where'er our widening bounds extend.'

Not long after their writing I sent the lines to *Zion's Herald,* which quickly published them. I did not see them again until I found them in the new *Methodist Hymnal,* where their appearance surprised me as much as the tune 'Theodore.'"

When *The Methodist Hymnal* was published (1905), we inquired of Dean Peter C. Lutkin, of Northwestern University, his reason for naming his tune "Theodore." He replied that when he played the tune, Dr. Charles M. Stuart exclaimed, "That tune sounds strenuous!" This suggested naming it "Roosevelt," but instead they chose "Theodore" as its title. It is a singular coincidence that Doctor Copeland's little boy, Theodore, who died at the age of four, was named for Theodore Roosevelt. He wrote a poem upon his son's death, "The Gift, 1900-1904," the last stanza of which turns on the etymology of the name, "Theodore":

> "We named him 'Theodore.'
> Ah, now we clearly see:
> God's gift to us, our gift to God,
> His, ours, eternally."

There Were Ninety and Nine That Safely Lay

ELIZABETH CECELIA CLEPHANE, 1830-1869

WHEN the Sheriff of Fife, in Scotland, Andrew Douglas Clephane, died, his three daughters moved to Ormiston and shortly afterward to Bridgend, Melrose, where they became greatly loved among the poor because of their charities. They gave away all their income beyond what was needed for the necessities of their life. Especially beloved was Elizabeth, who came to be known as "the sunbeam" for her ministrations to the poor.

She wrote many hymns, one of the best known being "Beneath the cross of Jesus." A regular contributor to *The Children's Hour,* she was reminded one day in 1868 by her cousin, Miss Horsburgh, that she had not yet written her contribution for the next issue and was urged to make it a poem. She replied that she had long wanted to write something on the parable of the lost sheep. Retiring to a corner, she quickly produced "The Ninety and Nine," which was printed in that magazine. This and other hymns by her appeared in the *Family Treasury,* a religious monthly, under the title *Breathings on the Border,* especially significant as she died a few months (1869) after writing this hymn.

Five years after her death, Ira D. Sankey, arriving with D. L. Moody in Edinburgh for evangelistic meetings, clipped from *The Christian Age* a reprint of the hymn and read it to Moody. At their meeting on the second day Moody preached on "The Good Shepherd" and asked Sankey to sing this hymn. He had no tune for it; but as he sat at his little organ he sang it, improvising a melody, which he afterward wrote down—the simple tune which carried it to wide popularity. In *The Church Hymnary* of British Presbyterians, an alternative tune to these words is Dr. W. G. Alcock's "Bryant."

When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1785-1806

IT is remarkable that so many hymns in common use were written by young men. "'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said," "My faith looks up to Thee," "Jesus, and shall it ever be," and "O where are kings and empires now," were written by poets whose average age at the time of composing these hymns was only eighteen.

Henry Kirke White was five months short of twenty-two when he died, a sophomore in Saint John's College, Cambridge; and yet so unusual was the quality of his poetry that Southey was moved to write in his *Account of the Life of Henry Kirke White,* "It is a mournful thing to consider how much the world has lost in a mind so highly gifted."

This hymn is White's story in verse of his conversion from skepticism to a deep, spiritual faith, so genuine and vital that his religious writings, both in prose and poetry, became a source of inspiration to thousands who read them. His friend, Almond, who largely brought about his change of heart, was present at his death-bed and later told Southey the story which White has so vividly described in this hymn. The second eight-line stanza (printed in four-line form in the Methodist Episcopal Hymnal of 1878) is omitted from the present *Methodist Hymnal,* but is an essential part of the picture of his escape from spiritual shipwreck:

"Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my floundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

The Church's One Foundation

SAMUEL JOHN STONE, 1839-1900

THE "Colenso Controversy," which stirred the Church of England in 1866, was started by an attack on the historicity of the Pentateuch in a book by the Bishop of Natal, John William Colenso. It was entitled, *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, Critically Examined.* For his alleged heresy, Bishop Gray, of Capetown, deposed Colenso, at the same time issuing a defense of the faith of the church. Appeal to England was taken, but in vain. The theological debate, thus aroused, led the Rev. Samuel J. Stone, who had been Curate of Windsor since 1862, to write in hymn form a statement of the accepted dogmas of the High Church party regarding the church. Every sentence in the hymn was based on some passage of Scripture and in the *Lyra Fidelium,* in which it was first printed in 1866, the illustrative texts accompany the hymn.

Though only four or five stanzas are usually given in the hymnals of to-day, it originally consisted of seven stanzas, to which three more were added in 1885. The best-known Latin versions of the hymn are "Nobis unum est fundamen," by the Rev. E. Marshall, 1882, and "Qui Ecclesiam instauravit," by T. G. Godfrey-Faussett, 1878.

One of the distinctions of this hymn is that its theme is the ninth article of the Apostles' Creed, "The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints." It was one of twelve hymns, written for his people at Windsor, treating respectively the twelve articles of the Creed. Another of these twelve credal hymns which comprised the *Lyra Fidelium* was the familiar "Weary of earth and laden with my sins," based upon "The Forgiveness of Sins."

The Lord Our God Alone Is Strong

CALEB THOMAS WINCHESTER, 1847-1920

IN 1871, forty years after the founding of Wesleyan University (1831), in Middletown, Connecticut, the college completed the erection of the Orange Judd Hall of Natural Science at a cost of $100,000. This four-story building of Portland brown-stone, begun in 1869, was made possible by the munificence of Orange Judd, a well-known publisher who had been graduated as Bachelor of Arts from Wesleyan in 1847.

The dedication exercises took place on July 17, 1871. At three o'clock that afternoon a company assembled in the chemistry lecture room of Judd Hall for the formal presentation. President Joseph Cummings introduced the donor, Mr. Judd, who made the presentation address. Charles C. North, father of the hymn writer, Dr. Frank Mason North, made the address of acceptance on behalf of the Board of Trustees, of which he was president. At the dedicatory service in the evening Dr. Alexander T. Winchell made the oration, after which was sung for the first time the hymn of dedication, "The Lord our God alone is strong," by Professor C. T. Winchester, '69, who was at that time librarian of Wesleyan University. Two years later he was made professor of rhetoric and English literature, and eventually became known as one of America's greatest critical scholars in the field of English literature. He was one of the editors of *The Methodist Hymnal* of 1905, which contains this hymn and also a hymn-tune, "Middletown," of his own composition.

The concluding lines of this hymn have been verified in the use which has been made of Judd Hall in the decades intervening since the hymn was written:

> "And science walks with humble feet
> To seek the God that faith hath found."

Thou Hidden Love of God, Whose Height

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697-1769
(Translated by John Wesley, 1703-1791)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, once talking with Ralph Waldo Emerson, observed that most hymns seemed to be cabinet work, and not poetry. He added that a notable exception to this was "Thou hidden love of God." Emerson replied: "I know, I know. That is the supreme hymn."

John Wesley tells us in his *Plain Account of Christian Perfection* that he made this translation of Tersteegen's great hymn, "Verborgne Gottesliebe du," at Savannah, Georgia, in 1736. The preceding year John Wesley, with his brother Charles and Benjamin Ingham, sailing on the good ship Simmons to become missionaries in Georgia, came under the influence of Bishop David Nitschmann and his group of Moravian brothers, and studied not only their doctrines, but also their hymns. In the Moravian hymn-books he found this hymn of Tersteegen's, which had appeared in *Geistliches Blumengärtlein,* 1729, entitled "The longing of the soul quietly to maintain the secret drawings of the Love of God."

Stirred by its profound mysticism, Wesley translated it (along with other Moravian hymns) into spirited English; in this case, even improving on the original hymn. It is expressive of the deeper religious experience which Tersteegen had reached after that rededication of himself to God at the age of twenty-seven, which he wrote out in his own blood: "God graciously called me out of the world and granted me the desire to belong to Him and to be willing to follow Him. I long for an eternity, that I may suitably glorify Him for it."

Tersteegen is supposed to have written this hymn while he was at the head of a "Pilgerhütte," a house in Otterbeck, near Mühlheim, which was used by the "awakened souls" of his cult as a retreat.

Not Alone for Mighty Empire

WILLIAM P. MERRILL, 1867-

AT a union Thanksgiving Day service of a number of churches, held in 1908 in the Forty-first Street Presbyterian Church, of Chicago, Illinois, now the First Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the minister in Lincoln Center, offered a remarkable prayer of thanksgiving to God for the particular blessings which we in the United States of America are privileged to enjoy. This prayer made a deep impression upon all who heard it, among them being Doctor Merrill, then pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, and the preacher for this occasion. On returning to his home, after the service, stirred by the memory of that prayer, Doctor Merrill went to his study and wrote a poem, beginning,

"Father of all, true Founder of our nation,
Throughout its life we trace Thy mighty plan
To make from every kindred, tongue, and people
One great republic of the common man."

A year and a half later, while Doctor Merrill was still pastor in Chicago, he recast the poem into a new form, in which it has been accepted as one of the great social hymns of the twentieth century:

"Not alone for mighty empire,
Stretching far o'er land and sea,
Not alone for bounteous harvests
Lift we up our hearts to Thee:
Standing in the living present,
Memory and hope between,
Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
Praise Thee more for things unseen."

Doctor Merrill, a graduate of Rutgers College and Union Theological Seminary, was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1890. Throughout his pastorates in Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York, he has been an interpreter of the social message of the gospel.

Jesus, the Name High Over All

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

ON the sixth day of August in that eventful year of 1744 Charles Wesley was preaching in Mr. Bennett's church at Laneast, Cornwall, and was inveighing bitterly against the drunkenness of the people, when suddenly a rough fellow in the audience began to contradict him and to blaspheme. This was too much for Wesley. He stopped his sermon and asked: "Who is he that pleads for the devil?" The impudent fellow replied: "I am he that pleads for the devil."

At once Wesley poured out invectives from his soul against the devil's champion, pictured sin in all of its blackness, portrayed his interrupter in true colors, and showed the congregation in what a fearful state they were. Wesley's preaching was powerful in its effects, and in describing sin and its consequences he made it so intensely personal that men and women sometimes fell upon their faces and cried to God for mercy.

One may well imagine the dramatic scene on that August night. Wesley in his *Journal* quaintly describes it thus: "Much good I immediately saw brought out of Satan's evil. Then I set myself against his avowed advocate, and drove him out of the Christian assembly. I concluded with an earnest prayer for him."

When he went home with Mr. Bennett afterward he wrote a hymn about it, entitled "After Preaching in a Church."

> "Jesus, the name high over all,
> In hell, or earth, or sky,"

was the name he exalted that night before the champion of the devil's name. "Angels and men before it fall," was probably a reference to the effect upon those brought under conviction; while his detractor's flight is pictured in the line, "And devils fear and fly."

Go, Labor On; Spend and Be Spent

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889

AFTER completing his educational course at the high school in his birthplace, Edinburgh, and at the University of Edinburgh, Horatius Bonar was eager for "The joy to do the Father's will," and determined that his life service should be spent in the Christian ministry. Securing a license to preach, though not yet ordained as a clergyman, he became assistant to the Rev. John Lewis, who was the minister at Saint James's Church at Leith. Bonar entered heartily into the work to "spend and be spent," became superintendent of the Sunday school, and wrote some simple hymns for the children of the school, to encourage them to better singing; among them being the now famous hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say."

It was largely a mission work, and there was much to be done by him and his colleagues in that field. And so for their encouragement, as well as his own, he wrote the hymn, "Go, labor on," which in its third stanza yields an antidote for faint-heartedness:

"Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your souls cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown."

The church was then beginning to feel the influence of the Oxford Movement with its emphasis upon ancient Christian rites and authority, and upon the early Greek and Latin hymns. This may explain the reason for the quotation from one of the earliest Greek hymns, with which the author prefaced it, when it was printed in a hymn book:

Ψυχή μου, ψυχή μου, Ἀνάστα, τί καθεύδεις,

translated by Samuel W. Duffield in his *Latin Hymn-writers and their Hymns* thus:

"O soul of mine, O soul of mine,
Arise, why sleepest thou?"

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, 1672-1737
(Translated by Jane Borthwick, 1813-1897)

WHEN Benjamin Schmolck, son of the Lutheran minister at Brauchitzchdorf, Silesia, became sixteen years old, he was sent away to Lauban for five years to attend the Gymnasium, or secondary school. Returning from school to his home town, he preached a sermon in his father's pulpit and the chief patron of the church was so well impressed that he paid the young man's way through a theological course in the University of Leipzig for three years. The fourth year Benjamin supported himself by writing poetry. After graduation he returned home to help his father, in 1701 becoming his assistant. In 1702 he was appointed an assistant in the church at Schweidnitz, twelve years later being made its chief pastor.

His ministry there for the rest of his life was one of great difficulty. The Counter-Reformation had taken from the Lutherans all their churches at Schweidnitz. They had to build another, outside the city walls, but by law restricted to timber and clay without tower or bells. It was the only Lutheran Church permitted to serve the people of thirty-six villages. The labors of this parish were exhausting and the discouragements multiplied. But Schmolck labored in the spirit of his hymn, "My Jesus, as Thou wilt." With courage he sang

> "Each changing future scene
> I gladly trust with Thee."

Overborne by his work, he suffered a stroke which deprived him of the use of his right hand. But he preached for five years more, and then other strokes followed and a cataract. The end, which came on his wedding anniversary in 1737, he met bravely; for he had learned to

> "Sing in life or death,
> 'My Lord, Thy will be done.'"

Lord of All Power and Might

HUGH STOWELL, 1799-1865

THE story of the circulation of the Bible is material for an epic. The Word of God has come down to this generation through many vicissitudes and strivings. Before the printing era copyists lavished infinite pains on reproducing the sacred manuscripts. Men boasted that they would destroy its use; but faithful believers risked their lives to preserve copies, and as colporteurs courageously faced hardships almost incredible to distribute the Bible to hungering souls. The expanding victory of the open Bible over its enemies was made the more glorious by these struggles.

In this spirit of victory the British and Foreign Bible Society, founded on March 7, 1804, decided to make its fiftieth year a jubilee of thanksgiving to God. The *Report of the Proceedings of the Jubilee Committee,* published in London, 1854, is prefaced with this text: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The first meeting of the jubilee year was held on Monday morning, March 7, 1853, at the London Tavern on Bishopsgate Street, London, in the very room where the Society had been founded in 1804. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, succeeded in the chair by Bishop Carr, late of Bombay. After prayer and the reading of Psalm 97, they sang the hymn, "Lord of all power and might," written for the occasion by Canon Hugh Stowell. Its lines,

> "Lo, what embattled foes,
> Stern in their hate, oppose
> God's holy word,"

are reminiscent of the struggles they faced. Canon Stowell addressed a public meeting the next day in Exeter Hall, the first of a series running through that memorable year. The Society raised about $300,000 and realized as one of its objectives "A million New Testaments for China."

Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1735-1790

By the death of his father, Robert Robinson at an early age became the only source of support for his mother. His childhood was one of hardship. The barber, Joseph Anderson, for whom he worked, often scolded him for giving more attention to his books than to his work. But that early thirst for knowledge made him in later years an able scholar. Perhaps it was his own boyhood struggles and difficulties that gave him such a strong sympathy and affection for children all through his life. One of his widely read sermons, printed in London, 1786, in a collection of "Sixteen Discourses," etc., entitled "Almighty God Is the Lovely Father of All Mankind," quaintly interpreted the divine love in sympathetic, paternal terms.

Many children were born into his home. While serving as minister in the college town of Cambridge, his salary was so inadequate that, to give his children the advantages he had lacked, he engaged in farming, in addition to his ministerial work. One day, a little boy, Benjamin Williams, was sitting on his knee, when, out of his great affection for the child and the pious thoughts it inspired, Robinson wrote the hymn, beginning:

"Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,
May an infant praise Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme."

Modern hymnals render the second line thus, "May a mortal lisp Thy name?" But the original form gives a clue to its composition. When it was completed, Robinson handed it to the boy, who enjoyed relating the incident in later years, when he was a deacon in the Reading Baptist Church.

Robinson was the spiritual father of Robert Hall, to whom later the great Charles Spurgeon attributed his conversion.

In Age and Feebleness Extreme

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

ONE of the most precious heritages of Methodist hymnody is this poem of only six lines which Charles Wesley dictated upon his death-bed:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh! could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity."

The Methodist Hymnal uses the phrases, "helpless worm" and "one smile," while other versions substitute "soul" for "worm," a word less objectionable to eighteenth- than to twentieth-century tastes.

Charles Wesley, the singing preacher, in his eighty-first year had come to the end of his long road. It had been a hard road for him, and sometimes in the midst of his trials he had prayed God to take him to heaven as a surcease from his woes. Now that heavenward longing was about to be satisfied.

His physician, Doctor Whitehead, tells us he had no disease, only an extreme weakness, induced by old age after his arduous labors. The doctor gave him sympathy and prayer for medicine, and found in his patient "unaffected humility and holy resignation to the will of God; his mind was kept in perfect peace." A London preacher, Mr. Bardsley, who sat up with him, said: "He had no disorder but old age: he had very little pain: his mind was as calm as a summer evening."

Toward the end he called his wife to his bedside and dictated to her these lines. How natural that one who has transmuted into hymns so many experiences of his life should cast his dying words into hymnic form! Shortly afterward, on March 29, 1788, he fell on sleep, at the age of eighty years and three months.

Christian, Dost Thou See Them

ANDREW OF CRETE, 660-732
(Translated by John Mason Neale, 1818-1866)

FROM Archbishop Andrew's Greek lines, Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς ταράττοντας, Doctor Neale, brilliant classical translator of the Oxford Movement, constructed this Lenten hymn, entitled "Stichera for the Second Week of the Great Fast." Andrew, born in Damascus, entered a monastery at Jerusalem and later was made Archbishop of Crete by the usurper, Philippus Bardesanes. Though active in the Pseudo-Synod of Constantinople (712 A. D.), which championed the Monothelite heresy, he later returned to the orthodox faith of the church. He is best known as author of the "Great Canon."

Doctor Neale's greatest service to English hymnody was to unlock for the church through translation the storehouse of ancient Latin and Greek hymnic treasures. In the Greek translations he was distinctly a pioneer. There had been a wealth of Latin hymn translations, but none from the Greek. The Greek hymns were written in rhythmical prose, and not in metrical form like the Latin hymns. He imbued his translations with poetic beauty and a strong manliness of treatment, the more notable because of the feminine environment of his work.

Doctor Neale founded an order, which at East Grinstead in 1856 became the Sisterhood of Saint Margaret's, and conducted an orphanage, a girls' school, and at Aldershot a house of reformation. The Sisterhood met bitter opposition, once being falsely accused of decoying to her death a woman who had willed them her fortune. A riot occurred at her funeral. But Neale's noble purpose triumphed. And in the Greek lines of Andrew who had given strength to his own turbulent life "by the holy cross," he found an expression of that militant faith that enabled him to overcome all evil.

Come, Holy Ghost, in Love

KING ROBERT II OF FRANCE, *circ.* 970-1031
(Translated by Ray Palmer, 1808-1887)

WAS this Golden Sequence, as it was popularly known in the Middle Ages, composed by a Pope or a king? Perhaps the question may never be definitely answered in this world; but, while some assign its authorship to Pope Innocent III, and some to others, our hymnals generally attribute it to Robert II, King of France.

It is recognized as one of the masterpieces of Latin sacred poetry. Clichtovæus says: "Nor, indeed, in my opinion can this piece be sufficiently praised; for it is above all praise. . . . And I will believe that the author (whoever he was), when he composed this piece, had his soul transfused by a certain heavenly sweetness, by which, the Holy Spirit being its author, he uttered so much sweetness in so few words."

In his *Sacred Latin Poetry,* Archbishop Trench observes that "it could only have been composed by one who had been acquainted with many sorrows, and also with many consolations."

Certainly this description would fit King Robert; for, despite the phrase, "as happy as kings," his life is witness that even kings have their cups of bitterness. As a young man, with the Council of Bishops' consent, he married Bertha, daughter of the king of Burgundy. It was truly a love match; and, when the Pope declared the marriage unlawful, he refused to separate from her, until such hardships were inflicted upon his people that for their sakes he was compelled to obey. He was forced later to marry a proud woman of hateful disposition, with whom there was no happiness. His later years were embittered by the opposition of his sons. But in his sorrows the devout king found his greatest consolation in the King of kings.

Jesus, My All, to Heaven Is Gone

JOHN CENNICK, 1718-1755

JOHN CENNICK, who is remembered chiefly as a hymnist, was born in a Quaker family, reared in the Church of England, converted in a Methodist meeting, and for a few years joined the Wesleys in their work. He revolted later against Wesleyan Arminianism, and went over to Whitefield's party in Lady Huntingdon's Connection, and eventually became a Moravian minister, in which service he died at the age of thirty-seven.

Nearly all of his hymns were written during the four years he was associated with the Wesleys—the most interesting and prolific period in his life. When he was seventeen years old he was sent to London to learn a trade, and soon wandered away from the strict religious ideals in which his mother had trained him. One day, later in that year, he was walking along Cheapside, when suddenly his conscience smote him with terror. For two years he lived under that agonizing experience, wanting to, but being afraid to die. At last in August, 1737, he determined to seek God's help and, while on a visit to his home church, the following month, he found peace and entered into the experience he describes so vividly in this hymn:

"My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come, hither, soul, I am the way.'

"Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am."

The hymn, entitled "Following Christ the Sinner's Way to God," was published in his hymn book of 1743.

When the Weary, Seeking Rest

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889

SCOTLAND'S greatest writer of hymns, Doctor Bonar, soon after his graduation from the University of Edinburgh, in 1837, entered the ministry of the Church of Scotland. But at the Disruption in May, 1843, he joined the dissenters and became one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland, of which he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly, forty years later.

Over one hundred of his hymns have come into common use, evangelical in tone, many of them eloquent of heaven and its joys, and sometimes referring to the second coming of Christ.

His son, the Rev. H. N. Bonar, tells this story of the hymn, "When the weary, seeking rest":

"My father was asked to provide words to the music, and was specially requested to furnish a fitting refrain to the two lovely lines of Mendelssohn's with which Callcott's tune, 'Intercession,' ends. In searching for a Scripture theme, containing some reiterated phrase almost of the nature of a refrain, he was struck with Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple (2 Chron. 6), in which every separate petition concludes with substantially the same words. This idea was taken for his starting-point, and Solomon's words, 'Hear thou from heaven thy dwelling place and forgive,' became the familiar couplet:

> 'Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
> In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.'

This foundation once provided, the rest of the hymn was built upon it."

In the tune, "Intercession New," by William H. Callcott, this refrain at the end is sung to the familiar melody, taken from Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," whereby prophet and people pray for rain, "Open the heavens, and send us relief!"

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153
(Translated by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878)

IN the monasteries of the Middle Ages the spiritual meditation of the cloister life gave the devout monks an opportunity to compose some of the great hymns of the Christian Church, of which Dr. Philip Schaff, in *Christ in Song,* calls this "the sweetest and most evangelical . . . hymn of the Middle Ages."

Bernard of Clairvaux in an exceptional way combined the monk with the man of affairs, and through his deep spirituality and remarkable powers of persuasion became the most influential man in his age. Born in his father's castle at Fontaines near Dijon, he entered the monastery of Citeaux when twenty-two years old. Two years later he founded the monastery of Clairvaux (Clara Vallis) which became, as Duffield says, "his kingdom, and from Clairvaux he ruled the mediæval world." Austere, æscetic, in all his writings scholarly, he made that kingdom an uplifting Christian influence in a destructive age.

From his seclusion he emerged in 1130 to decide a contested papal election in favor of Innocent II, in 1139 to dominate the Lateran Council, at various times to influence the selection of bishops, in 1140 to prosecute Abelard, and in 1146 to arouse Europe to undertake the ill-fated Second Crusade.

Possibly it was just after this disastrous Crusade, for which he was bitterly blamed, that he wrote his hymn of forty-eight stanzas, "Jesu, dulcis memoria," on the Name of Jesus. His aphorism, "There is no truer wretchedness than a false joy," makes an eloquent contrast to the line, "Jesus, our only joy be Thou." Edward Caswall's translation, from which this hymn is taken, is said to have been as much inspired as the original Latin hymn. Another translation, "Of Him who did salvation bring," by Anthony W. Boehm, is widely used.

Ye Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

IN 1744 John and Charles Wesley published thirty-three hymns under the title, *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution.* This hymn, entitled "To Be Sung in a Tumult," is the best of these.

England was, indeed, in "times of tumult." Walpole, prime minister until 1742, had maintained friendship with France, the only power to which the Roman Catholic Jacobites in England could look for help. After his resignation, England became embroiled in war with France through the sudden alliance of Frederick of Prussia with France. Charles Edward, grandson of James the Second, a militant Romanist, planned his descent upon England in 1744 to dethrone George the Second. He actually landed in 1745 and after a brief triumph in Edinburgh was defeated.

The Wesleys fell upon "times of persecution." Strange as seems the charge of Romanism against Methodists, they were widely suspected of being papists in league with the Pretender. Nearly everywhere they went on their preaching tours, mobs resisted them, sometimes assailing them with all sorts of missiles, so that occasionally they were wounded. Their preaching was constantly interrupted and they were even haled before the magistrates.

Undaunted, they continued their evangelistic work, strong in the strength of the Lord, and believing that as "servants of God" it was still their duty to "publish abroad His wonderful name." To political alarmists Wesley's reply was: "His kingdom is glorious and rules over all." A verse, usually omitted from the current version, explains their steadfast spirit throughout this tumult:

> "When devils engage, the billows arise,
> And horribly rage and threaten the skies:
> Their fury shall never our steadfastness shock;
> The weakest believer is built on a rock."

Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

GEORGE MACDONALD once said of Isaac Watts: "Some of his hymns will be sung, I fancy, so long as men praise God together; for most heartily do I grant that of all hymns I know he has produced the best for public use." Certainly it would be difficult to conceive of a Christmastide when this hymn is not used by Christians in celebration of the birthday of Jesus Christ. It was first published by Watts in his *Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament* and is a translation in Christian terms of the last five verses of Psalm 98, which passage begins thus: "Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp and the voice of a psalm." The glad song of nature, uttered in his hymn, is based on these verses: "Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together before the Lord."

It is curious to note how many distortions of this hymn have been published. The Seventh Day Adventists sing it in the future tense: "Joy to the world! the Lord *will* come," making it refer to the second coming of Christ. In 1838 a skeptics' hymnal, *Social Hymns for the Use of Friends of the Rational System of Society*, printed it in this form:

> "Joy to the world! the light is come!
> The only lawful King:
> Let every heart prepare it room
> And moral nature sing."

This was soon forgotten; but the old hymn still resounds as a Christmas pæan of joy. The tune, "Antioch," is an arrangement from Händel's "Messiah," taken by Lowell Mason from the English collection by Clark of Canterbury.

My God, My Father, While I Stray

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789-1871

A HELPLESS invalid for over fifty years, Charlotte Elliott, out of her rich spiritual life learned how to be helpful to others. Julian has said: "For those in sickness and sorrow she has sung as few others have done." From her sick chamber in Brighton, she sent forth her helpful hymns to bless thousands of fellow sufferers, indeed, to inspire Christians in many lands who have been stirred by her devout songs. Many of these hymns were gathered and published under the title, *The Invalid's Hymn Book* (1834). In the first edition appeared her hymn of Christian resignation, "My God *and* Father, while I stray" (the "and" being later changed to "my").

The struggle of her soul "on life's rough way," which enabled her finally to produce this hymn, may be appreciated through this description of her own experience:

"Even in the vale of suffering there are blessed companions to associate with, sweet consolations to partake of, heavenly privileges to enjoy. For myself, I am well content to tread it, and to remain in it till my weary feet stand on the brink of Jordan. But I have been many years learning this difficult lesson, and even now am but little skilled in this blessed alchemy. How many hard struggles, and apparently fruitless ones, has it cost me to become resigned to this appointment of my heavenly Father! But the struggle is now over."

Death would have been a welcome surcease to her sufferings. Her sorrow on the death of her brother, the Rev. Henry V. Elliott, in 1865, was all the keener, as "she had always hoped and expected that he would minister to her in her dying hours." But again she learned to pray, "Thy will be done."

Near the Cross Was Mary Weeping

Jacopone da Todi (13th century)
(Translated by Henry Mills, 1786-1867)

The Italian monk who wrote the famous Latin hymn "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" was born in Todi, Umbria. He came of a noble family, and married at an early age. The sudden death of his wife, to whom he was utterly devoted, drove him to the distractions of grief. He sold all his possessions and gave his money to the poor. Going about in rags, he was jeered by the mob who shouted, "Jacopone, Jacopone!"

Still oppressed by his great sorrow, he entered a monastery and became a lay brother of the Order of Saint Francis. Here, in the quiet cloisters of meditation, he wrote many hymns in Italian and in Latin, the most famous of which are "Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria" and the "Stabat Mater." The tenderness of the latter hymn, its beauty of expression and its portrayal of the intense sorrow of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, have inspired many of the world's greatest composers to write elaborate musical settings, among them being Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, Rossini, and Dvorak. Hundreds of translations from the Latin of this hymn have been made. The most popular English translation was by the Rev. Henry Mills, a Presbyterian minister and Professor of biblical criticism and Oriental languages in Auburn Theological Seminary.

Jacopone da Todi, or Jacopone di Benedetti (as he is also known), whose authorship of this hymn is generally accepted, though not without dispute, was erratic, but his heart was completely possessed by the passion of divine love. A mystic and a hermit, he spent much of his time in contemplation of his divine Master. Not only was he ecstatic in the expression of his devotion but also he was bold in condemning those who were disloyal to Christ.

And Can It Be That I Should Gain

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

THIS hymn is associated with the conversion of Charles Wesley on Whitsunday, May 21, 1738. In his diary for the next Tuesday is found this passage:

"At nine I began a hymn upon my conversion, but was persuaded to break off, for fear of pride. Mr. Bray coming, encouraged me to proceed in spite of Satan. I prayed Christ to stand by me, and finished the hymn. Upon my afterward showing it to Mr. Bray, the devil threw in a fiery dart, suggesting that it was wrong, and I had displeased God. My heart sunk within me; when, casting my eye upon a Prayer-book, I met with an answer for him. 'Why boastest thou thyself, thou tyrant, that thou canst do mischief?' Upon this, I clearly discerned it was a device of the enemy to keep back glory from God."

Two days after this John Wesley felt a strange warming of the heart and came into the same experience as Charles, who adds: "Toward ten my brother was brought in triumph by a troop of our friends and declared, 'I believe.' We sang the hymn with great joy, and parted with prayer."

Some deem "Where shall my wondering soul begin?" to be the conversion hymn. But James T. Lightwood, in *Methodist Music of the Eighteenth Century* (1927), notes that it was not included in the *Foundery Tune-Book* and for this, as well as other reasons, insists that there seems "no doubt that the 'hymn with a history' is 'And can it be that I should gain?'"

As Wesley was dying, he quoted these lines from the hymn,

> "Bold I approach the eternal throne
> And claim the crown, through Christ my own."

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

HENRY ALFORD, 1810-1871

FOR nearly fourteen years—1858 to 1871—Henry Alford was Dean of Canterbury Cathedral in England. When, at the age of sixty-one, he was summoned to know the

"Raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,"

his funeral service in the old cathedral brought a great company of England's distinguished men to do honor to his memory. At the conclusion his body was solemnly borne to Saint Martin's Churchyard, a half mile from the cathedral, and buried beneath a yew tree on the brow of the hill, while the company sang the thrilling hymn, which he had written a few years before on the theme of resurrection day:

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in."

This hymn was sung also at the funeral of Dr. John Bacchus Dykes, who had composed for these words the famous hymn-tune, "Alford." Thus in their final farewells to both author and composer, who had collaborated in this song of triumph, men sang of the "rush of hallelujahs" and of the "ringing of a thousand harps" to which the departed had lately been summoned.

In another hymn, "My bark is wafted to the strand," Dean Alford describes the transition to the life beyond, thus:

"Safe to the land! safe to the land!
The end is this,
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss."

Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

A LARGE proportion of Doddridge's hymns were written just after he had preached and were based on the theme of his sermon, still fresh in his mind. Isaac Watts reversed this order in writing the hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," composing it in 1709 while preparing a sermon on the text, Revelation 5. 11-13 (which includes the passage, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"), so that the hymn might be sung at the conclusion of the sermon. He entitled it, "Christ Jesus the Lamb of God, Worshiped by All Creation." It has become one of the best-known and most esteemed of all of his hymns.

Susanna Harrison, of Ipswich, a writer of hymns largely preserved in her collection called *Songs in the Night* (1847), was an invalid for many years. Her father died while she was a child, her mother being left with a large family to support. Susanna at the age of sixteen entered domestic service and while thus engaged she was overcome by a complicated illness which the doctors could not diagnose and which doomed her to years of suffering. But out of the night of agony came "cheerful songs," and the psalms and hymns she wrote in her languishing days were a comfort to her and an inspiration to others.

When at last there came surcease to her troubles and death was approaching, she was said to have been "compassed about with songs of deliverance." Insisting that it would not harm her to sing and urging friends about her bedside to join with her, she sang:

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

Now God Be with Us, for the Night Is Closing

PETRUS HERBERT, ?-1571
(Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1829-1878)

BEFORE the Lutheran Reformation challenged the power and doctrines of Roman Catholicism, one of the most persistent forces in opposition to that Church was the Unity of the Bohemian Brethren, keeping alive the tradition of John Hus and acknowledging no spiritual authority save the Bible. Politically ineffective, because of their refusal to take any part in the state, believing that only Christ's command to love one another should control political and social life, they were subjected to bitter persecution, but remained faithful.

Luther's boldness heartened them, though a misunderstanding of his doctrines at first divided them in their attitude toward his movement. But after the death of their leader, Lucas, in 1528, they became allied with Luther and also joined hands with Calvin. Indeed, it was Petrus Herbert, author of this hymn, who first approached Calvin as their ambassador.

As they began to assume political importance, their enemies charged them with stirring up the Bohemian insurrection of 1547. Thus new persecutions against them became sanctioned. They were forbidden to hold services, their estates were declared confiscate to the crown, their leader, Augusta, was imprisoned at Pürglitz for sixteen years, and the Brethren forced to leave Bohemia in 1548.

In the midst of these persecutions Petrus Herbert wrote this hymn in German, from which Catherine Winkworth translated "Now God be with us." "We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us," and "In soul and body Thou from harm defend us," are lines that are eloquent of their desperate plight, but also of their trust in God.

And Now, My Soul, Another Year

SIMON BROWNE, 1680-1732

THE hymns of Simon Browne have been called "songs in the night," for most of his years were beclouded with a blackness and terror which resulted from a frightful episode in his young manhood. One night, he was walking along a country road with a young man, when suddenly a highwayman stepped out from behind a ledge and, leveling a pistol at Mr. Browne's head, shouted, "Your money or your life!"

Browne, a strong, muscular young man, had no intention of yielding either. Quick as a flash, he delivered a terrific blow at the man's head and felled him, unconscious. His friend ran off to bring assistance. Meanwhile Browne bent over the prostrate form of the robber and tried to bring him to consciousness. But it was too late: he had killed the man. His victim was identified as a burglar.

Browne, a man of tender conscience, was horrified that he had killed a man, thus breaking one of the Ten Commandments; and he brooded over the event morosely. Not long afterward, when his child died, he misinterpreted this sorrow as God's judgment upon him as being unworthy to have his child's nurture intrusted to him, because he had taken human life.

Thenceforth his life and mind were under a cloud. A successful pastor of the Independent Church in Old Jewry, London, he resigned from the ministry, but continued his literary labors, enriching Matthew Henry's *Commentary* with the section on First Corinthians, and composing over two hundred and fifty hymns.

"And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past,"

is truly a song in the night; and one line expresses the burdened prayer of his life: "Seek pardon for thy former sins."

CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
LIBRARY
29818
P945m

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1820-1886

TRUE friendship with Jesus and the acceptance and adoption in all of life's relationships of His spirit of divine friendliness will inevitably lead men to extend the helping hand of friendliness to their fellow men. A smug complacency in the face of evil social conditions and indifference to the heart-breaking burdens of our neighbors, when we can help to ease those burdens, are not the Christian friendliness which meets the conditions of friendship with Christ.

Joseph Scriven, the author of the popular song, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," lived out the spirit of those lines in humility and helpfulness. Though a college graduate and a man of refinement, he found no task, however humble, to be degrading, so long as it was helpful to someone in need.

One day in Port Hope, Canada, where he lived after his emigration from his native Ireland, he was seen on the streets in working clothes, carrying a saw-horse to help some neighbors in need. Two men passed him, one a stranger, the other an acquaintance who spoke to him. The stranger at once inquired if his companion knew that workman, as he was anxious to have some wood cut. The reply came that that was Mr. Scriven, but he would not work for him. "Because," he continued, "you are able to pay for it. He saws wood only for poor widows and sick people."

Joseph Scriven had learned, when his fiancée was drowned on the eve of their wedding, what a Friend we have in Jesus, and was living that friendliness among his neighbors.[1]

[1] The origin of the hymn is related in *One Hundred and One Hymn Stories* (The Abingdon Press).

Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1738-1799

WHEN Medley wrote this hymn, with the joyous refrain, "His loving-kindness, O how free," he was undoubtedly looking backward over his early life of adventure, and rejoicing that his "great Redeemer" had so "safely led [his] soul along." In his youth he was a prodigal sailor. Dissatisfied with his apprenticeship to an oil-dealer in London, at seventeen he entered the British navy as midshipman, soon being promoted as a master's mate. In 1759 his ship encountered severe fighting, and on August 18, in a naval engagement off Cape Lagos, he was severely wounded.

When the fleet returned, he was borne to his grandfather's house in London. A deacon in the Baptist Church, the loving grandfather, Mr. Tonge, prayed and struggled for the conversion of the wild sailor boy. A sermon of Isaac Watts, read to him, finally reached the boy's heart, he was converted, joined the church in December, 1760, and in 1766 entered the ministry, serving at Watford from 1767 to 1772. From 1772 he was pastor in Liverpool until his death, 1799.

He never forgot that he had been a sailor. In Liverpool he served the sailors and poor people with lavish devotion. He rented a hall in a poorer section to reach them the better. The hymns he wrote for them were printed on leaflets and sold by a poor woman for a penny apiece to help earn her living. One day at Mr. Phillips's in London he called for paper and ink and, retiring to his room, soon returned with this autobiographical hymn:

> "He saw me ruined by the fall,
> Yet loved me, notwithstanding all."

His dying words were in sailor's terms: "I am a poor, shattered bark just about to gain the blissful harbor."

We Praise Thee, O God

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS (Fifth century ?)

OF all Christian hymns, not entirely based upon the scriptural text, this is the most famous and in the Western church it is used probably more than any other. The Eastern church no longer uses the Greek version, if, indeed, they ever did to any large extent.

The hymn, which has been traced back to the fifth century, its earliest known date, has borne many different titles through the centuries. Dr. John Julian, in his *Dictionary of Hymnology,* has divided these titles into three classes: (*a*) titles denoting its ritual use, such as Ymnus Matutinalis (Morning Hymn), 909 A. D.; (*b*) titles descriptive of contents, such as Laudatio Dei (Praise of God), eighth century; (*c*) titles indicating authorship, attributing it variously to Hilary, Ambrose, and Augustine Nicetius (either the Bishop of Vienne or of Treves), and Abundius (Bishop of Como, who died 469 A. D.). Though the authorship is clouded in doubt, the hymn usually is attributed to Ambrose and Augustine in the Breviaries.

Just as a misinterpretation of the word "cornua" in the Latin Vulgate led Michael Angelo to place horns on his statue of Moses, so an error in substituting "numerari" for the original "munerari" in the manuscript, from which our English translation was made, has accustomed us to singing "Cause them to be numbered," where it should have been "Cause them to be rewarded with Thy saints."

Dr. Samuel W. Duffield has said: "The *Te Deum laudamus* has some claims to be regarded as the greatest of Christian hymns. Like the *Gloria in Excelsis* it belongs to that first period of Christian hymn-writing, when the Hebrew psalms still furnished the models for Christian poets, and the same free movement of rhythmical prose was all that was required or even tolerated."

Awaked by Sinai's Awful Sound

SAMSON OCCUM, 1723-1792

THE chief interest in this eighteenth-century American hymn is not in its frequent use to-day (for it is rarely sung now, or even included in current hymn books), but, rather, in the fact that it was written by an American Indian and attained to great popularity among congregations in an era when the "awful sound" was deemed to be impressively pious in worship.

It was probably under the preaching of George Whitefield in 1740 that the eighteen-year-old Indian was converted to Christianity from the primitive superstitions of the aborigines. Eager for an education, he spent four years at Lebanon, Connecticut, in the school of Eleazer Wheelock, of whom the Dartmouth students of to-day jocularly sing, "He went into the wilderness to teach the In-di-an." Out of that school later developed Dartmouth College, when through the zeal of Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire, it was removed to Hanover in that State and renamed for Lord Dartmouth; and the development of the enterprise up to that time was largely aided by Occum's efforts. He had entered the Presbyterian ministry in 1759, and in 1761-65 conducted a mission among the Oneidas, supported by funds from Scotland. In 1765 he began a four years' tour of England and Scotland, preaching often and raising nearly $50,000 for the school.

Widely recognized as an eloquent preacher, he uttered his most powerful sermon through this hymn,

> "Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
> My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
> And knew not where to go."

It recounts the story of his own conversion; and its popularity, as sung to the old tune, "Ganges," was due to its origin in a vital personal experience.

Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation

FROM THE LATIN
(Translated by John Mason Neale, 1818-1866)

"URBS BEATA HIERUSALEM" ("Blessed city of Jerusalem") is the first line of one of the greatest Latin hymns. Authorities in hymnology disagree as to its date, and nothing is known as to its author. Hermann A. Daniel, the Lutheran hymnologist of Halle, author of the monumental *Thesaurus Hymnologicus,* insists it was not older than the tenth century, while our American, Dr. Samuel W. Duffield, in *Latin Hymn Writers and Their Hymns,* states that it "is of the seventh or eighth century." Probably the product of cloistered meditation upon the glories of the New Jerusalem, it has had such a universal appeal in the original, in its many revised forms, and in its unnumbered translations, that it is regarded one of the greatest hymns of all times. The famous "Angulare fundamentum" is a part of this hymn. The earliest authenticated instance of its use was in Poitiers, where in the tenth century they sang it at the annual blessing of the font on Easter Sunday.

Doctor Neale was felicitous in his Latin translations. Fond of contemplating heaven, as his own original hymn, "Safe Home," attests, he was the better fitted to interpret the heavenward yearnings of the Latin poets: a strict churchman, he delighted in rendering these noble lines for church dedication, while his rare Latin scholarship equipped him admirably for correct interpretation. One day, visiting Keble, the hymnist, he was left alone for a while. On Keble's return, Neale reproachfully said he had thought Keble's *Christian Year* was all original poetry. Keble insisted that it was. "Then, how do you explain this?" replied Neale, showing him a Latin version of one of its poems. Keble was distressed, until finally Neale confessed he had turned it into Latin during Keble's absence.

Teach Me, My God and King

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1632

"THE ELIXIR" was the title of this hymn, which in its original form may be found on page 178 of Herbert's famous poetical work, *The Temple,* posthumously published by the hymn-writer, Nicholas Ferrar, in 1633. What the poet had in mind by such a title was more obvious in the original poem than in the modified version, now in general use, as altered by John Wesley and used in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1738). In the recently published *Handbook of the Church Hymnary* (Oxford) Professor James Moffatt protests that the results of Wesley's emendations here were disastrous.

One of the definitions of "elixir" is "an imaginary liquor capable of transmuting metals into gold." Herbert originally wrote:

"All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with His tincture for Thy sake
Will not grow bright and clean,"

while his last stanza runs thus:

"This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told."

The life of George Herbert, whom Horder calls "the model parish priest of Bemerton," was as modest and as devout in tone as is this hymn. Pastor of a small church, he never sought preferment, though his saintly influence proved to be a benediction to the world. Deeply responsive to good music, he went twice a week to worship at Salisbury Cathedral, and he recorded that the uplifting influence of the music dispelled the tedium of the long journey home.

The Sunday before he died he wrote:

"My God, my God, my music shall find Thee,
And every string shall have Thy attributes to sing."

Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748
(Altered by John Wesley, 1703-1791)

WHEN in the early seventeenth century Isaac Watts proposed a new system of hymns for English Protestantism, which had been for nearly two centuries bound by the tradition that only literal metrical translations of the Psalms should be sung in public worship, the churches were at first startled, but soon became charmed by his innovations. He was a believer in conversion, and his original hymns were evangelical in tone. He believed too that translations from the Psalms should be distinctly Christian in content. Hence in 1719 he published his *Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament,* which contained this hymn in its original form, beginning, "Sing to the Lord with joyful voice," a modernized version of Psalm 100.

John Wesley, who resented alterations in his own hymns, improved this hymn of Watts's and published it in his first book, *Psalms and Hymns,* Charlestown, South Carolina, 1736-37, in its present revised form, beginning "Before Jehovah's awful throne." He deleted among other infelicities this somewhat provincial version of the Hebrew psalmist:

> "The British Isles shall send the noise
> Across the ocean to the shore."

On the epoch-making visit of Commodore Perry to Japan in 1853, the hymn was sung during divine service on board his flagship, anchored off shore on Sunday morning, the ship's company being led by the marine band in the tune, "Old Hundred." Thousands of Japanese lined the shore and heard with awe their first concert of Christian song. It has been sung in Japan upon anniversaries of this memorable historic event by native Christians.

Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine

FANNY J. CROSBY (Van Alstyne), 1820-1915

IN 1873 Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, wife of the president of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, New York, composed a tune and brought it to Fanny Crosby, played it for her two or three times on the piano, and then asked her what it said. The blind hymn-writer replied: "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." She tells the story thus in her own words:

"'Blessed Assurance' was made in this manner. My dear friend, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, so well known as a writer and singer of most excellent music, and as an aid and inspiration to all who knew her, had composed the tune, and it seemed to me one of the sweetest I had heard for a long time. She asked me to write a hymn for it, and I felt, while bringing the words and tones together, that the air and the hymn were intended for each other. In the many hundred times that I have heard it sung, this opinion has been more and more confirmed."

During the war in the Transvaal, 1900, soldiers in training used "494" as a greeting, referring to the number in their hymnal of "God be with you till we meet again." The usual reply was, "Six further on," meaning No. 500, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine."

Ira D. Sankey, in telling the story of a great Christian Endeavor convention, years ago, in Minneapolis, said, "One of the most popular and useful of the gospel hymns is 'Blessed Assurance.'" It was frequently sung by the Endeavorers on the train en route for the convention and also during their parade through the streets of Minneapolis on their way to the convention hall, making a lasting impression on many who heard it.

There Is a Green Hill Far Away

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823-1895

THE wife of the Rev. William Alexander, who became Bishop of Derry and Raphoe and eventually the Primate of Ireland, was the author of over four hundred hymns, a large proportion of them being hymns for children. She has been deservedly called "the Children's Hymnist." Very fond of children, she became a successful Sunday-school teacher. Many of her hymns were written for the children of her class and read to them before they were published.

In 1847 one of the little girls of her class became dangerously ill, and Mrs. Alexander went to sit by her bedside. While there she composed this hymn, containing the lines:

> "He only could unlock the gate
> Of heaven and let us in."

The child recovered, and through the rest of her life enjoyed referring to this as her very own hymn. One child could not understand the lines,

> "There is a green hill far away,
> *Without* a city wall,"

and naïvely asked why the hill had no city wall. So Mrs. Alexander altered "without" to "outside."

The hymn was based upon the creedal words, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried." It first appeared in *Hymns for Little Children* (1848), along with "Once in royal David's city" (based on the words of the Apostles' Creed, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary") and "All things bright and beautiful" (based on "Maker of heaven and earth" from the same creed).

An ardent churchwoman, in sympathy with the Oxford Movement, she wrote many of her verses to illustrate the Oxford tracts by her dear friend, Lady Harriet, daughter of the Earl of Wicklow.

Blest Be the Dear Uniting Love

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

EARLY in his ministry, 1742, Wesley published this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* It expresses the secret of possessing "the mind of Christ," and it has much of that intensity which in his preaching was noted by those privileged to hear him: "In prayer he was copious and mighty, especially on sacramental occasions, when he seemed to enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus." When sometimes he seemed to be seeking the Spirit's guidance for utterance, "he usually preached with his eyes closed: he fumbled with his hands about his breast, leaned with his elbows upon the Bible, and his whole body was in motion." This intensity may be felt in the hymn:

"Oh, may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified."

The hymn is entitled "At Parting," and, appropriate to the occasion, it came to be used regularly at the adjournment of Wesleyan Conferences in England. Dr. Benjamin Gregory states in his *Side-Lights* that Doctor Newton in closing the Conference of 1848 was "strongly moved as by some heavenly afflatus. I never heard that noblest of all human voices roll out such tones of majesty as when he gave out the parting hymn, 'Blest be the dear uniting love.' No one thought that the next Conference would bring the crash."

John B. Gough, in his *Autobiography,* tells of sailing alone from England, when a boy of twelve, in 1839. Their ship, Helen, was becalmed off Sandgate, and friends rowing out from the shore in the evening greeted the ship's company, and on leaving circled around the ship, singing with those on board, "Blest be the dear uniting love"—a memory always precious to him.

Come, O My Soul, in Sacred Lays

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, 1721-1791

SMALLPOX robbed Thomas Blacklock of his sight only six months after he was born in Annan, Scotland. But, in spite of his blindness, he was such a diligent student in his boyhood that Doctor Stevenson, of Edinburgh, paid for ten years of his education, until he was graduated with honor from the University of Edinburgh. He became a recognized scholar and eventually won recognition in the field of literature. After studying theology and securing his license to preach from the Established Presbytery of Dumfries in 1759, by crown appointment he became pastor at Kirkcudbright. The people, themselves blind to his talents, resented the appointment of a sightless minister and, though it was confirmed when the case was carried up to the General Assembly of 1761, his people two years later forced him to resign. By an annuity, by keeping a school, and by writing he maintained himself and family, and won an enviable reputation in scholarly and literary fields.

That pathetic yearning for the light, so often uttered by our blind hymn-writers, finds expression in the second stanza of his hymn:

> "Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
> He glory like a garment wears;
> To form a robe of light divine,
> Ten thousand suns around Him shine."

He was one of the earliest friends and literary advisers of Robert Burns and, though he could not see others, he learned to "see *himself* as others see *him*." He drew a portrait of himself, beginning with the lines:

> "Straight is my person, but of little size;
> Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes;
> My youthful down is, like by talent, rare,
> Politely distant stands each single hair.
> My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear,
> So smooth a child may listen without fear."

Now the Day Is Over

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834-1924

THE son of a wealthy and much-respected family, Sabine Baring-Gould, born in Exeter, went to Clare College, Cambridge, where in 1857 he graduated as a Bachelor of Arts, and in 1860 won his degree as Master of Arts. After a period of theological study, he was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England in 1864 and at once began his ministry as curate of Horbury, not far from Wakefield. It was a humble parish and his congregation included many working people of very limited means.

The heart of the young curate went out to the miners and mill men and women of the community, who lacked the ordinary advantages of life, and he resolved to do what he could to better their condition. Finding a room downstairs in one of the cottages at Horbury Bridge to be available, he started a night school for the laboring men and their families, where he taught them every night, beginning in the winter of 1864, and found assistance in this work from two other men—a wool comber and a muffin man.

On Sundays in an upstairs room he held religious services. The people appreciated his labors, and before a year was over he was able to start a mission chapel. For his vesper services there he wrote, in 1865, the evening hymn, "Now the day is over," founded upon Proverbs 3. 24, "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet." It was published, the same year, in *The Church Times.* After its appearance in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern,* in 1868, it became generally adopted throughout the English-speaking world as a standard hymn of evening worship.

O Day of Rest and Gladness

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln in the Church of England, was the son of the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the nephew of the famous English poet, William Wordsworth. He was a member of the High Church party, which through the Oxford Movement had revived interest in ancient authority and forms of worship. *The Christian Year,* by John Keble, who had fired the opening gun in the Tractarian controversy, glorified the liturgical year in its hymns. Wordsworth, also, felt that there should be hymns for each notable day of the church year, but that they should be centered upon the peculiar teaching significance of that day, and not "general hymns on martyrs and general hymns on Apostles and Evangelists."

Accordingly, he set about remedying this deficiency by a new hymnal, *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays, Holy Days and Other Occasions Throughout the Year* (1862), insisting upon a scriptural basis for all hymns and the elimination of subjective hymns. To follow the Christian Year inevitably has lowered the standards of Church of England hymnals. Wordsworth's collection was too dogmatic, too deficient in lyric power, to attain general favor. Some of his best hymns, however, reached to a high quality.

The opening hymn of this collection, "O day of rest and gladness," was one of his best—a song for the Sabbath in the manner of an ode from a Greek canon. The first verse concludes with ascription to the Trinity. The second verse describes in each successive couplet the coming of light through God, the Creator, of the risen Christ, and of the "Spirit sent from heaven," each upon the Sabbath Day, to which the conclusion is addressed:

> "And thus on thee, most glorious,
> A triple light was given."

Come, Saviour, Jesus, from Above

ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON, 1616-1680
(Translated by John Byrom [?], 1692-1763)

WHEN the eccentric Quietist, Antoinette Bourignon, died in Friesland, October 30, 1680, she left a large body of zealous disciples in Scotland and France to spread her doctrines, set forth in her writings published six years later at Amsterdam.

Born, January 13, 1616, she early showed that peculiar mental inclination which guided her whole life. At the age of five she naïvely asked her parents to let her go to live in a land where Christians dwelt. Visions came to her in her girlhood. One of these visions, coming from her True Spouse, persuaded her that she would never be wed, save to her spiritual Lord. At nineteen she asked permission to enter a nunnery, but her father refused. She then turned her bedroom into a penitential cloister and remained in ardent contemplation of the crucifix.

Her father, disquieted by her mysticism, betrothed her to a wealthy French merchant. On the eve of her wedding she fled, disguised as a man. Finding a sou at the garden gate, she threw it away, saying, "No, I shall put my trust in God alone, not in riches." Though brought home, when her disguise was discovered, she later spread her mystical doctrines through a cult which thrived despite bitter Roman Catholic persecution.

This hymn ("Venez Jésus, mon Salutaire" in French), with its significant phrases, "Empty my heart of earthly love" and "Possess it, Thou who hast the right," was written on the night of her escape from the impending marriage (as some say), or later, under the influence of that event. Probably translated by John Byrom, its English form is sometimes attributed to John Wesley, who in publishing it warned his readers against the mystical doctrines he had formerly accepted.

O for a Closer Walk with God

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

THE poet Cowper is quite as famous for his letters as for his poems. They have been styled "the most charming ever written in the English language."

To Mrs. Mary Unwin, who cared for him so tenderly during his periods of insanity, he felt a lasting obligation. When she fell seriously ill, he was oppressed with great anxiety and on December 10, 1769, wrote a letter to his aunt, which expresses his great solicitude for his dear friend, and at the same time throws light upon the circumstances surrounding the origin of this hymn:

"She is the chief of blessings I have met with in my journey, since the Lord was pleased to call me, and I hope the influence of her edifying and excellent example will never leave me. Her illness has been a sharp trial to me. O that it might have a sanctified effect, that I may rejoice to surrender up to the Lord my dearest comforts the moment He shall require them. O for no will but the will of my heavenly Father!

"I return you thanks for the verses you sent me, which speak sweetly the language of a Christian soul. I wish I could pay you in kind, but must be contented to pay you in the best kind I can. I began to compose them yesterday morning before daybreak, but fell asleep at the end of the first two lines. When I awaked again, the third and fourth verses were whispered to my heart in a way I have often experienced."

At this point he quotes the six verses of the hymn, which in the *Olney Hymns* is entitled, "Walking with God."

Come, Thou Everlasting Lord

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

WHEN Charles Wesley was forty years old he fell in love with a Welsh lady, Miss Sarah Gwynne, and, after much thought and prayer and hymn-writing, finally became engaged to her. On Saturday morning, April 8, 1749, they were married, and probably this is the only marriage ceremony on record at which the hymn for the occasion was written by the bridegroom. But in a life, whose every event was being signalized by a hymn, this is scarcely to be regarded as cause for wonder. The story of that day and its hymn is recorded in his *Diary:*

"Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. I rose at four; spent three hours and a half in prayer, or singing, with my brother, with Sally, with Beck. At eight I led MY SALLY to church. Her father, sisters, Lady Rudd, Grace Bowen, Betty Williams, and, I think, Billy Tucker, and Mr. James were all the persons present. At the church door I thought of the prophecy of a jealous friend, 'that if we were even at the church door to be married, she was sure, by revelation, that we could get no farther.' We both smiled at the remembrance. We got farther. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me (under God); my brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love! Never had I more of the Divine Presence at the sacrament. My brother gave out the following hymn: 'Come, Thou everlasting Lord,' etc. He then prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house, and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole employment. We were cheerful without mirth, serious without sadness. . . . My brother seemed the happiest person among us."

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour

FANNY J. CROSBY (Van Alstyne), 1820-1915

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, the composer, was the author of the first line of this gospel hymn. Giving it to Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer, he requested her to develop it into a hymn. After she had completed it, he composed the music which carried it far and wide in the evangelistic meetings of Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. Mr. Sankey said that no hymn was more popular than this in their meetings in London in 1874. It was sung almost daily in Her Majesty's Theater in Pall Mall and reached wide favor, having been translated into many languages.

In Newark, New Jersey, one day Fanny Crosby was greeted by a business man, who declared he had not seen her since she was in England with Moody and Sankey. But, she protested, she had never crossed the Atlantic. He replied then that he must have seen her spirit through the hymn, "Pass me not," which had been the means of changing his whole life. A young business man in Leeds, Yorkshire, he had taken to drinking and was rapidly going downward, when he attended the Moody meetings. As this hymn was being sung, he said to himself, "I wish He would not pass me by." The next night he attended again and the first hymn sung was "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour." Again he made the hymn his own prayer and completely surrendered to the "Spring of all my comfort."

Coming to America the next year, he became established in business here. Throughout the forty years of his subsequent life he always carried with him a copy of her hymn, which had first turned him away from his evil habits to Christian peace and success.

O Perfect Love, All Human Thought Transcending

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD (Gurney), 1858-

THIS marriage hymn was written by an unmarried young woman, then twenty-five years old, in celebration of the wedding of her younger sister. Little did she dream that it would subsequently be sung at hundreds, perhaps thousands, of other weddings, among them one of England's most brilliant nuptial ceremonies, six years later (July 27, 1889) when the Duke of Fife and Princess Louise of Wales were united in holy wedlock. For this occasion Joseph Barnby made a special musical setting of these words in anthem form, which was rendered by a full choir during the ceremony.

The author of the hymn and her sister, soon to be married, grand-daughters of the Bishop of London and daughters of the Rev. F. G. Blomfield, were singing hymns with a company of people in the home, one Sunday evening in 1883. They had just finished singing "O Strength and Stay," to the tune which was a special favorite of the bride-to-be; when someone suggested: "What a pity it is that the words are unsuitable for a wedding!"

She immediately retorted jokingly, "What is the use of a sister who composes poetry, if she cannot write me new words to this tune?" Her poet sister replied, "Well, if no one will disturb me, I will go into the library and see what I can do."

In fifteen minutes she returned with this hymn, which the company sang at once to the tune to "O Strength and Stay." It went so well that it was afterward used at the wedding. In relating this incident, the author adds, "I have always felt that God helped me to write it."

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, ?-780
(Translated by John Mason Neale, 1818-1866)

LIVING in the midst of the scenes where Jesus Christ dwelt in the flesh, John of Damascus, the greatest of all the poets of the Greek Church, spent most of his career (some say it was eighty-four years, some, one hundred) in contemplation of His life and spirit; and naturally most of John's hymns center about the great events of the Master's years on earth. After serving for some time under the Caliph, he entered the Laura of Saint Sabas, situated between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and became the foremost of that brilliant school of hymn-writers which flourished at Saint Sabas and included in its number the great Cosmas, who was John's foster-brother.

His hymn, from which Dr. John Mason Neale has happily translated our familiar lines, beginning "Come, ye faithful, raise the strain," is replete with suggestions of the Holy Land. "The tomb's dark portal" must have been linked in association with his memory of many pilgrimages to the Saviour's sepulcher. "Come to glad Jerusalem" recalls the fact that it was in the Holy City that John of Damascus was ordained as a priest. And it is possible that he may have visited the scene where God

> "Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
> Jacob's sons and daughters,
> Led them with unmoistened foot
> Through the Red Sea waters."

As a philosopher and theologian, John of Damascus not only outranked all others of the eighth century, but also stands even to this day as one of the most influential in the whole history of the Greek Church. A musician as well as a hymnist, he affected the whole future of the Greek Service Books, especially through his arrangement of the *Octœchus,* which contained his famous canons.

O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow

THEODORE MONOD, 1836-?

THE Rev. Theodore Monod was born in Paris on November 6, 1836. Coming to America, he received his professional training at the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. On his return to France in 1860 he began his ministry in the French Reformed Church, in which he continued for over a half century.

Famous as a preacher and greatly respected for his deep spirituality, he was often in demand for sermons, not only in France, but also in England. This hymn on gratitude he wrote while spending some time in England in 1874, helping to conduct a series of special meetings there. Afterward to Mr. J. Thin he told the story of its composition, which the former inscribed in his *Notes* on the Scottish *Presbyterian Hymnal* in 1887:

"By Rev. Theodore Monod, Paris. Written by him in English during a series of 'Consecration' meetings held at Broadlands, England, in July, 1874. Given by the author to Lord Mount-Temple at the close of the meetings, and printed by his Lordship on the back of a programme card for another series of similar meetings held at Oxford in October, 1874. . . . The author writes (1887) that he now wishes line 4 of ver. 4 to read, 'Grant me now my supplication.'"

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth has made this annotation upon the hymn: "This touching hymn by Monod, with the exception of reading 'petition' for 'desire' (st. iv. l. 4) for the measure's sake, is without alteration."

The stanzas' last lines trace the soul's development from selfishness into complete consecration: 1. "All of self and none of Thee." 2. "Some of self and some of Thee." 3. "Less of self and more of Thee." 4. None of self and all of Thee."

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

JOSEPH HART, 1712-1768

As a young man, Joseph Hart was godless and loose in his conduct. Well educated, he became a teacher of languages, as we are told by his brother-in-law, the Rev. John Hughes. Not content with living in rebellion to God, he sought to persuade others to his point of view, using his literary abilities to this end. To John Wesley's sermon on the text of Romans 8. 32 he made answer by a pamphlet, entitled "The Unreasonableness of Religion."

Shortly afterward, when he settled in Sheerness, Kent, he became so notorious for his infidelity and so evil in the influence of his conduct, that the pastor in that town, the Rev. William Shrubsole, composer of the tune "Miles' Lane," persuaded him to leave town and settle in London.

In his earlier days he had been deeply under conviction of sin and during his years of misconduct there must have been an undercurrent of this running through his life, until he was in the forties. On Whitsunday, 1757, at the age of forty-five, he was at last brought to reasonableness in the Moravian Chapel in Fetter Lane, London, under the influence of a sermon on Revelation 3. 10.

His surrender to God was complete, and soon he became as active and loyal in proclaiming and living the gospel, as he had been rebellious before. Two years later he published a volume of *Hymns, Composed on Various Subjects,* which included the hymn, "Come, ye sinners," which is so eloquent of his own experience. "Let not conscience make you linger" describes the reluctance of his own waywardness; "Weak and wounded, sick and sore," his own condition; "Jesus ready stands to save you," his own salvation. Eventually he became a Congregationalist minister.

Glory Be to God on High

Gloria in Excelsis

THIS is the first of all Christian hymns, at least in origin, as it is based upon the first song, chanted on that first Christmas night to the listening shepherds at Bethlehem. What marvelous music those humble shepherds were privileged to hear from heaven's own choir, as they sang: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." It must have been sung in the language of the shepherds, the Aramaic. When the story of that wonderful night came to be recorded in the Gospel of Luke 2. 14, the angels' song was translated into the Greek of the New Testament.

This text was early developed by the Greek Church into a hymn of extended form, *Δόξα ἐν τοῖς ὑψίστοις θεῷ*. It is in the *Codex Alexandrinus* of the fifth century and is used to this day in the Greek Church. A Latin translation, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," is in the eighth-century Roman *Missal:* it is regularly used in Roman Catholic worship.

Many English translations, in prose and verse, are in common use. The Scottish *Prayer Book* contains a direct prose translation from the original Greek version; the English *Book of Common Prayer,* a prose translation from the Latin "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." This latter is the text almost universally used in this country and forms the basis of many translations into English verse.

Through the German translation of the Latin version, "Allein Gott in der Höh sey Ehr," by Nicolaus Decius, have come over a dozen English hymns, the best known in our American collections being "To God on high be thanks and praise," translated by the Rev. Robert C. Singleton, a Church of England clergyman in Dublin (1810-1881).

O Thou God of My Salvation

THOMAS OLIVERS, 1725-1799

THOMAS OLIVERS never forgot that he had been a "brand plucked out of the fire," in the phrase of the text used by George Whitefield in the sermon at Bristol which had rescued Olivers from a life of deepest sin and transformed him into a zealous evangelist, first in Cornwall, and afterward in other fields to which Wesley assigned him. So it was from a vital experience that he sang of the "God of my salvation" as being

> "My Redeemer from all sin;
> Moved by Thy divine compassion,
> Who hast died my heart to win,
> I will praise Thee.
> Where shall I Thy praise begin?"

The hymn never attained to the popularity of his more majestic "The God of Abraham praise," of which there is a suggestion in a line of this hymn, "'Glory to the great I AM.'" But it is counted as among his best three hymns, the third being "Come, immortal King of Glory." In singing this pæan of praise, congregations scarcely regard it as a threnody, though it was written on the death of Mary Langson. The Wesleyan hymn-writers were accustomed to sing of death in a truly Christian vein, as did Charles Wesley in "Rejoice for a brother deceased."

Olivers was originally a cobbler, and it is interesting to note what another cobbler wrote about this hymn, Daniel Sedgwick (1814-1879), who became the "Father of English Hymnology," as Julian's *Dictionary* calls him: "This hymn is attributed to him on the circumstantial evidence that surrounds its history. It first appeared appended to a short account of the death of Mary Langson, of Taxall, in Cheshire, who died January 29, 1769, when Olivers was stationed in that circuit."

Come, Ye That Love the Lord

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

THE simplicity which generally marks Isaac Watts's hymns finds an excellent illustration in this hymn, which was entitled "Heavenly Joy on Earth" in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs,* 1707, where it first appeared. John Julian reported that "the different arrangement of stanzas and the variations in the text which have been adopted by the numerous editors who have used it in one form or another may be counted by the hundred." The first line, for instance, is frequently given thus: "Come, we who love the Lord." The second line of what is usually the third verse sometimes becomes "And thunders when he please." Based upon this version, the story is recorded that just before that eloquent eighteenth-century preacher, the Rev. George Whitefield, sailed for America, the Rev. Andrew Kinsman met him at the Tabernacle house in company with a young man. A thunder-storm broke while they were there and, seeing the young man's terror and anxiety after a hard crash of thunder, Kinsman quoted to him:

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas,
That awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love."

This quotation led to the young man's conversion.

In the old New England times some trouble in Dr. Samuel West's church led his choir to boast that they would not sing any hymn he announced. So he began his service with this hymn, looking toward the singers as he read the stanza:

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God."

The choir, thus outwitted, sang with the congregation and the trouble subsided.

Commit Thou All Thy Griefs

(Give to the winds thy fears)
PAUL GERHARDT, 1607-1676

(Translated by John Wesley, 1703-1791)

THESE two hymns are translated from a German hymn originally written by a Lutheran clergyman who preached in Berlin. In 1666 by his boldness of speech he offended the Elector Friedrich Wilhelm, who, being of the Reformed Church, was opposed by the Lutheran clergy in Berlin. As a result Gerhardt was deposed from his office as third diaconus of Saint Nicholas' Church.

This was a great hardship for him. Already he had suffered many misfortunes during the Thirty Years' War. Not until he was forty-four years old was he able to secure a substantial position, and not until he was forty-eight could he afford to marry. To add to the calamity of losing his position, his wife, who had borne him five children, fell ill and finally died.

It was during this period of her illness, when he was distraught with family cares and anxieties, that he wrote the hymn to express his own confidence in God, and to comfort his suffering wife. It is an acrostic, the first word of each of the twelve verses being taken from Luther's translation of Psalm 37. 5, "Befiehl dem Herren deine Wege und hoffe auf ihn, er wirds wohl machen."

The finest of his many fine hymns, it has been called by Lauxmann "truly a hymn which, as Luther's 'Ein' Feste Burg,' is surrounded by a cloud of witnesses"—referring to the many instances when it has consoled Christians in deep affliction. Queen Luise of Prussia, when Napoleon was oppressing Germany, came to Ortelsburg and on December 5, 1806, was writing bitterly of her woe, when suddenly she rose, went to her harpsichord and found divine comfort in playing and singing this hymn.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

PHŒBE CARY, 1824-1871

THE Cary sisters, Alice and Phœbe, were born near Cincinnati, Ohio. Both of them became famous as poets. When recognition first came through the publication of their joint volume of poems in 1850, Phœbe left her home town in 1852 and came to New York city, where she lived with her sister, Alice, both sustaining themselves by their writings. This success was welcome after years of bitter poverty, of which Phœbe said: "I have cried in the streets because I was poor, and the poor always seem nearer to me than the rich."

In the year of their coming to New York, Phœbe was visiting at a friend's house. On Sunday morning she had worshiped in the church near by and upon returning to her friend's home, still under the uplifting influence of the divine service, she withdrew to the little, dark bedroom on the third floor, and there, all alone, poured forth her thoughts and emotions in the poem, "One sweetly solemn thought." She had not intended it for a hymn; but its wide use led her in after years to write of it: "It makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

The scene of its most dramatic use was in a gambling den in Macao, China. A young man, losing heavily to an old gambler, nonchalantly sang this hymn. The old man was startled, dashed his cards to the floor and asked: "Where did you learn that?" Continuing, he exclaimed: "Well, no matter! I've played my last game and that's the end of it. The cards may lie there till doomsday, and I will never pick them up." He repaid the young man his losses and both of them gave up gambling, the young man becoming an active Christian.

Creator Spirit: By Whose Aid

RABANUS MAURUS, *circ.* 776-856
(Translated by John Dryden, 1631-1701)

Veni, Creator Spiritus, as this hymn is known (from the first line of its original Latin form), is pre-eminent among the classic Latin hymns of the Christian Church. Only the *Te Deum* has had a wider use among worshipers. Dr. Samuel W. Duffield, the American authority on Latin hymns, has said of it: "The *Dies Irae* may be grander; the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* may be sweeter; the *Ad perennis vitae fontem* may be lovelier; the *Stabat mater* may be more pathetic, but, after all, the *Veni, Creator* holds a place of equal honor in the estimation of the church."

Attributed by different scholars to various authors, it is generally supposed (though this is by no means certain) to have been written by Bishop Rabanus Maurus, of Mainz, in whose writings it occurs and of whose prose chapter on the Holy Spirit it is a poetical paraphrase.

In mediæval days it was regarded with a superstitious reverence and its daily repetition was supposed to be a charm against one's enemies, as we are told by the famous unknown monk of Salzburg, who translated so many Latin hymns into the High German. The Church of England early began the use of the *Veni, Creator* in connection with the ordination of priests and consecration of bishops.

Rabanus Maurus, popularly known as "the raven," was the foremost German of his times. A reformer in the field of education, he began teaching as a monk in monastic schools, but his methods met severe opposition. After King Ludwig made him bishop, however, he put his stamp upon the intellectual life of Germany, combated the superstitions of the church and organized great charities when in 850 a great famine caused frightful suffering in the land.

I Am So Glad That Our Father in Heaven

PHILIP BLISS, 1838-1876

THIS simple, little hymn with its refrain, "Jesus loves even me," though infrequently sung to-day, is remembered by thousands of Christians in America as one of the very first songs of Jesus that they learned in Sunday school or at their mother's knee. Major D. W. Whittle, in whose Chicago home Mr. and Mrs. Bliss were living when both the words and music were written, tells us that one morning Mrs. Bliss said as she came into the breakfast room: "Last night Mr. Bliss had a tune given to him that I think is going to live and be one of the most useful that he has written. I have been singing it all the morning and I cannot get it out of my mind."

The idea of the hymn came to Mr. Bliss through the frequent singing in his meetings of the chorus, "Oh! how I love Jesus!" It occurred to him that the great fact which overshadowed his poor love for Jesus was the infinite greatness of the divine love for him; and this he sought to express in his children's hymn.

During the singing of this hymn in their evangelistic meetings in England, a young woman came under deep conviction of sin. But, as she could not realize that Jesus could love such a sinner as she was, she left in great agony of soul and spent a sleepless night. When at another meeting she came into the inquiry room, she was reminded that Christ died for sinners and, at last accepting His love as meant for her, in great joy she broke out into singing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." Many instances are recorded of penitent souls accepting Christ's love through the singing of this hymn.

God Bless Our Native Land

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS, 1813-1883
JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT, 1812-1893

WITHIN five years, 1830-35, three great hymns were written by young men while studying theology in preparation for the ministry: "My faith looks up to Thee" (December, 1830) by Ray Palmer, Yale, '30, while privately studying theology in New York city; "My country, 'tis of thee" (February, 1832) by Samuel F. Smith, while at Andover Theological Seminary, Class of '32; and "God bless our native land" by two Harvard graduates of '32, Charles T. Brooks and John S. Dwight, then at the Divinity School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the classes of '35 and '36 respectively. Of these four, the first was a Congregationalist, the second a Baptist, the other two Unitarians.

It is not known which words in "God bless our native land" were written by Brooks and which by Dwight. Brooks found inspiration for his lines in a German hymn, of which he made a free translation.[1] Dwight made many desirable changes in it, whether immediately or later is not known. In after years Dwight stated that Brooks had once reminded him that they had done it piecemeal together. In amended form it was published by Lowell Mason in a singing-book, probably first in 1844. Sarah E. Henshaw, of honorable reputation, once claimed its authorship; but hymnologists, disproving this, have attributed the claim to faulty memory.

Brooks for thirty-six years served Unitarian pastorates. Dwight, after one year as pastor, turned his interest to music and literature and for thirty-six years edited *Dwight's Journal of Music.*

---

[1] Dr. Louis F. Benson in *Studies of Familiar Hymns: First Series* (Westminster Press) states that the Rev. James Mearns, of Buntingford, England, made the discovery that this hymn is a free translation of the first and third stanzas of a German Hymn, "Gott segne Sachsenland," by August Mahlman, first printed in 1815.

One More Day's Work for Jesus

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER, 1820-1915

MISS ANNA B. WARNER, born at West Point, New York, became a novelist, poet and editor of hymn books (*Hymns of the Church Militant,* 1858, and *Wayfaring Hymns, Original and Translated,* 1860). Of her novels *Say and Seal* (1859) became the most popular. Her older sister, Sarah, was also a novelist, author of the famous book, *Queechy.* They became known as "the Wetherill Sisters" and often collaborated in their literary work.

The younger sister, Anna, chose "Amy Lothrop" as her own *nom de plume,* and many of her hymns first appeared over this name, hymns of ardent devotion, such as "We would see Jesus," and of Christian service, such as "One more day's work for Jesus." One day she received a letter from the Rev. Benjamin M. Adams, referring to his weariness at the end of a blessed day of Christian work and to his great joy in the service of his Master. This letter led her to write the hymn, "One more day's work," which she entitled "The Song of a Tired Servant."

Ira D. Sankey used to tell a story in his meetings about this hymn. One day a group of children in a mission meeting were singing "One more day's work for Jesus," and were heard by a tired washerwoman who was passing by. The refrain repeatedly rang through her memory; and the next day, bending over her washtub, she asked herself, "Have I ever done one day's work for Jesus in all my life?" She resolved that henceforth all her work and all her life would be for Jesus, whether cleaning house or washing clothes or serving her family otherwise. Thus she learned what Herbert's hymn expresses,

> "If done to obey Thy laws
> E'en servile labors shine."

Fear Not, O Little Flock, the Foe

King Gustavus Adolphus, 1594-1632
Jacob Fabricus, 1593-1654
(Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1829-1878)

This hymn is a legacy of the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), which embroiled in long strife the continental nations of Europe. The war resulted from the cleavage, religious and political, which had begun with the Protestant Reformation of one hundred years before. The hymn is historically associated in its origin with one battle of that war, and with another in its most dramatic use.

Opinions differ as to its authorship. It was composed immediately after the Battle of Leipzig, 1631, and it is generally believed that it was written by Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden and leader of the Protestant forces in the war; or that its central ideas were communicated by the king to his court chaplain, Dr. Jacob Fabricus, who put it into its final poetical form as a German hymn. It came to be known as Gustavus Adolphus' Battle Hymn, as it expresses the deep religious faith and the crusading spirit of his conquering army. Miss Catherine Winkworth, who in the nineteenth century made so many splendid translations from the German hymns, gave to us our English version, beginning thus:

"Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power."

Just before the Battle of Lützen, three years after Leipzig, early in the morning the king called his whole army to a service of prayer for the victory, and all sang this hymn. Giving them as watchword, "God with us," the king led his troops into battle and, though he was slain during the late forenoon, the Evangelical Army by nightfall had won the signal victory for which they had prayed in the early morning.

Glory to Thee, My God, This Night

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1637-1711

FOR over two centuries "The Evening Hymn," as the vesper song by Bishop Ken has been known, has run like a golden thread through the religious life of English-speaking peoples. The frequent references to it in English literature are eloquent of the important place it has held in the thought and feelings of the people.

Like his Morning and Midnight Hymns, it was written for the *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College,* when he was prebend in Winchester Cathedral, reviving his associations with the college which he had entered in 1651.

Some of the fearless uprightness of character which led him in later years, as a persecuted bishop, to scorn King James' threats of imprisonment, degradation and even death, may be seen in the lines,

> "Teach me to live that I may dread
> The grave as little as my bed."

In 1703, when he was living at Longleat, Wiltshire, a frightful storm, causing great damage in that place, hurled down a chimney of the house where he was sleeping and the debris crashed through the roof into his bedroom, but left him unscathed. That same storm swept on to Wells, where the bishop who had supplanted Ken was sleeping, and, hurling a chimney into his bedroom, killed him instantly.

After his release from prison he retired from party strife, so that "I, ere I sleep, at peace may be," and he expressed his apology in this verse:

> "I gladly wars ecclesiastic fly,
> Where'er contentious spirits I descry;
> Eased of my sacred load, I live content,
> In hymns, not in disputes, my passions vent."

I Need Thee Every Hour

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS, 1835-1918

THE Rev. Robert Lowry, composer of the tune, which has carried this hymn into popular use, was a Baptist minister; and, after serving a church in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and the Bloomingdale Baptist Church, New York city, became the pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn. During the latter pastorate he discovered the poetic abilities of one of his parishioners, Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, and encouraged her to develop her gifts to the glory of God. In 1869 he became professor of belle-lettres in Lewisburg (now Bucknell University), at the same time serving as pastor of the Lewisburg Baptist Church.

One day he received from Mrs. Hawks in manuscript this hymn, with the request that her beloved former pastor set it to music. A National Baptist Sunday School Convention was about to be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, and there it was sung on November 20, 1872, for the first time. It made such a deep impression that there was a demand for its publication and soon afterward it appeared in *Bright Jewels*. Two years later Ira D. Sankey sang it at the Moody meetings in the East End of London. When sung at the World's Fair, Chicago, it inspired Major D. W. Whittle to write his song, "Moment by Moment."

W. J. Batt, chaplain of the penitentiary at Concord, Massachusetts, writes that his most sacred memory of this hymn is associated with an exprisoner, Mr. B., who, reformed and penitent, asked him to dedicate a humble but tasteful home he had prepared for his family. "I need Thee every hour" was the hymn sung at that service by this man with evident brokenness of spirit, who had learned that

"Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh."

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807

"JOHN NEWTON, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy. He ministered near XVI years as Curate and Vicar of Olney in Bucks, and XXVIII as Rector of these United Parishes." Thus John Newton wrote his own epitaph, which after his death in 1807, at the age of eighty-two, was placed on a tablet in his Church of Saint Mary, Woolnoth, where he was buried.

This inscription gives a more honest biography than one finds upon the usual *hic jacet,* and in a sense it explains the deep earnestness with which he sang "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" From his bitter experience with sin and degradation in his early life, he knew that

> "It makes the wounded spirit whole,
> And calms the troubled breast."

When Vicar of Olney, Newton was so evangelical in his preaching that he was in derision called a "Methodist," and one of the neighboring ministers refused to speak to him. But his revival meetings were marked with great spiritual power. For his services both John Newton and William Cowper wrote many hymns, and at one time it was said that Newton produced a new hymn for each weekly prayer meeting. The hymn, entitled "The Name of Jesus," was produced in this way and was first published in the *Olney Hymns* (1779), which collection achieved a great popularity. The hymn is based on Song of Solomon 1. 3, "Thy name is an ointment poured forth." John Wesley gave it fame by publishing it in the *Arminian Magazine.*

Go to Dark Gethsemane

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854

LIKE John Wesley, James Montgomery strongly objected to any revisions made by other people in his hymns, but did not hesitate to revise others' hymns. The hymn, "Go to dark Gethsemane," is an example of extensive revision made in his own hymn. It was published in its original form in Cotterill's *Selection,* 1820. When it appeared in Montgomery's *Christian Psalmist,* 1825, it was considerably altered. Each verse is eloquent of what the pilgrim to Gethsemane should learn, (1) to pray, (2) to bear the cross, (3) to die.

The Rev. James King, in *Anglican Hymnology,* 1885, tells this story of a visit to Gethsemane:

"A few years ago, while making a sojourn in Jerusalem, we set out for the Mount of Olives on the evening of Holy Thursday, that we might visit the Garden of Gethsemane by moonlight, and tread the scene of the Saviour's agony on the very night, and at the very hour, when His 'soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' Gethsemane means an olive and wine-press, and here were fulfilled the dark words of the prophet, 'I have trodden the wine-press alone, the great wine-press of the wrath of God, the wine-press trodden without the city.' Passing Gethsemane, we walked a few paces up to the Mount of Olives, and sat down on a rock overlooking the Garden. The moon was still bright, and the venerable olive trees were casting dark shadows across the sacred ground. The silence of night increased the solemnity. No human voice was heard, and the stillness was only broken by the occasional barking of dogs in the city. We read by the light passages bearing on the Agony, and James Montgomery's solemn hymn:

> 'Go to dark Gethsemane,
> Ye that feel the tempter's power.'"

Sunset and Evening Star

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892

MANY hymns and tunes have been composed during sea voyages. Count Zinzendorf wrote "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness" on the Atlantic Ocean, voyaging from Saint Thomas in the West Indies. The tune "Webb" was composed by George J. Webb, while crossing the Atlantic. The idea of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" was partly developed upon a short sea journey from Aldworth to Farringford, which he made in his old age (October, 1889). His son tells the story in these words:

"Before he reached Farringford he had the moaning of the bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, 'That is the crown of your life's work.' He answered, 'It came in a moment.' He explained the 'Pilot' as 'that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us.' A few days before my father's death, in 1892, he said to me: 'Mind you put "Crossing the Bar" at the end of all editions of my poems.' My father considered Edmund Lushington's translation into Greek of 'Crossing the Bar' one of the finest translations he had ever read."

As the poet was approaching his death, he said: "The life after death is the cardinal point of Christianity. I believe that God reveals Himself in every individual soul; and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another."

The doctor told him of a neighbor, dying at the age of ninety, who called for his wife and said, "Come soon." Tennyson whispered, "True faith!" Later failing, he asked the doctor, "Death?" The doctor nodded, and Tennyson said, "That's well"; and then he "crossed the bar."

God Calling Yet: Shall I Not Hear?

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697-1769
(Translated by Sarah Borthwick, 1823-1907)

THE hymn, "God calling yet!" which in the original German by Tersteegen begins "Got rufet noch; sollt ich nicht endlich hören?" is a description of his experience of conversion, which came to him in a remarkable crisis.

Born, November 27, 1697, at Mörs in Westphalia, he lost his father while still in his infancy. The family was in a reduced financial condition, and when he reached the age of fifteen it was necessary for him to go to work to help in their support. He became apprenticed to a business man in Mühlheim. While in this work he suffered a startling experience which changed the course of his life.

One day, when he was on a journey working his way through the woods, he was suddenly seized by spasms. Alone and helpless, he prayed to God to save his life, so that he might prepare himself for eternity. His prayer was answered and the malady subsided. Interpreting the thoughts of his conscience during this trouble as the call of God, he dedicated himself at once to Jesus Christ.

> "God calling yet! shall I not hear?
> Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?"

When he answered, "My heart I yield without delay," there came peace in his soul.

Led by his understanding of God's will, he left the business he was in and began the manufacture of silk ribbons, thus giving himself more leisure for spiritual meditation. For the same reason he took Sommer as a partner, and eventually gave up the business, three years later, to devote his whole time to the spiritual leadership of his people.

Mrs. Sarah B. Findlater, wife of the Rev. Eric J. Findlater, was the sister of Jane Borthwick—both excellent translators of German hymns.

I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

WATTS took for the text of the hymn, "Not Ashamed of the Gospel," the following verse, 2 Timothy 1. 12: "Nevertheless I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

When Henry Drummond, author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World,* lay dying, Doctor Barbour, his physician, played "Lead, kindly Light" and "Peace, perfect peace," but without response. Then he played "Martyrdom," and soon noticed Drummond beating time with his fingers. So Barbour sang the hymn, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," and Drummond joined his singing to the end, adding, "Nothing can beat that, Hugh!"

Doctor Leifchild describes a visit to a minister in shattered health: "I found but the wreck and remnant only of what I had formerly known him to be. . . . He seemed wholly taken up with trifles, and was muttering a request for sweetmeats, as though he were in reality again a child. I was confounded and appalled at what I saw, and exclaimed: 'What, my old friend, do you not know me?' He gave no response, but simply repeated his former request. One of his daughters then said to me: 'Ask him something about the Scriptures or the Saviour, and you will soon see a vast difference.' Upon this I said to him as if complainingly: 'Well, I see you do not know *me;* do you know Jesus, whom I serve in the gospel?' He started and looked as if just aroused from sleep; when, lifting up his eyes, he exclaimed:

> 'Jesus, my God, I know *His* name;
> His name is all my trust;
> Nor will He put my soul to shame,
> Nor let my hope be lost!'"

Rescue the Perishing

FANNY J. CROSBY (Van Alstyne), 1820-1915

THE blind hymn-writer, Fanny Crosby, in her ninety-five years lived during some part of the lifetime of every President of the United States, except Washington, and many of them she knew personally, notably Grover Cleveland, who as a young man was employed in the New York Institution for the Blind while she taught there. At one time she read her poems before both houses of Congress. As a writer of hymns, not of the first order, but well suited to the evangelistic movements of her time, she developed an immeasurable influence for good.

She especially delighted in working among the missions in New York city. One midsummer evening she was speaking before a large meeting of workingmen, when the idea continually recurred to her that some mother's boy might be rescued that evening, or perhaps never. To her appeal an eighteen-year-old boy came forward and told her that he could never keep his promise to meet his mother in heaven, so deep was he lost in sin. But through her prayers and words of encouragement he found peace that night and went away rejoicing.

On her return home, remembering that William H. Doane, the composer, had asked her to write on the theme, "Rescue the perishing," she began at once on the hymn and finished it before retiring. The next day, Mr. Doane wrote the tune which has carried it throughout Christendom, even into so dignified a book as the English *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

It was frequently sung by Ira D. Sankey in his evangelistic meetings under Dwight L. Moody, and directly led to the conversion of many souls. Frances E. Willard and Francis Murphy both counted it as a favorite and great help in their stirring temperance meetings.

I Would Not Live Alway; I Ask Not to Stay

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, 1796-1877

WHEN Isaac Watts was rejected by a young woman to whom he had proposed marriage, he went home and wrote the hymn, "How vain are all things here below!" That Doctor Muhlenberg wrote "I would not live alway" because of a similar disappointment in love was long believed by his friends and hinted by his biographers, though discounted in his old age by the author, himself. The *History of the American Episcopal Church* states that "the 'legend that it was written on an occasion of private grief is a fancy' hardly agrees with the clear and minute recollections of persons of the highest character still living, and who knew the circumstances thoroughly."

The author regretted the hymn in later years. W. W. Newton, his biographer, says: "Its intense subjectivity, its morbid depreciation of the joys of earthly existence, and its failure to recognize any significance in the discipline of life—faults feebly atoned for by the impatient desire of heavenly felicity—were elements which jarred on the sensible fiber of his maturer piety."

Doctor Muhlenberg, a member of the committee to revise the *Protestant Episcopal Hymnal,* voted against its inclusion therein, but later the committee adopted the hymn. In 1876 he rewrote it in more wholesome vein, but the immense popularity of the first version persisted. Originally he wrote it impromptu in a young woman's autograph album, while assistant rector of Saint James Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1824. Besides serving as Rector of Holy Communion, New York city, he founded Flushing Institute (later Saint Paul's College), where he labored twenty-seven years. He founded Saint Luke's Hospital, New York, where he died, April 6, 1877. He founded Saint Johnland on Long Island, where his body lies buried.

Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine

SAMUEL DAVIES, 1723-1761

JONATHAN EDWARDS was succeeded by Samuel Davies as president of Princeton College, 1759. In 1753 Davies made a voyage to England to raise funds for the college. In London Dr. Thomas Gibbons, a prominent clergyman, became his friend, and later to Gibbons he confided his hope that after his death his sermons might be published, to perpetuate his influence. In his will he requested that his sermons, with the hymns he had written to be sung at the conclusion of each sermon, be sent to Gibbons. His death occurred less than two years after he became Princeton's president.

True to his trust, Gibbons printed three volumes of the sermons in 1765 and later other volumes. The hymns, including "Lord, I am Thine," however, he published in 1769 as a part of *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship,* so that we cannot be sure which sermon this hymn illustrated. Dr. Louis F. Benson, in his *Studies of Familiar Hymns,* has suggested the possibility that it followed his sermon on "Dedication to God Argued From Redeeming Mercy," preached in Virginia before July, 1759. It is likely that the hymn was composed during the troublous times of the French and Indian War, expressing the devout spirit of resignation of his people in the midst of deep distress. It is entitled, "Self-Dedication at the Table of the Lord."

The Christian captain of a ship, driven near the rocks in a storm, had ordered two anchors cast, only to have them broken away. When his last anchor was cast, he knelt in his cabin and prayed that God's will be done with the ship and its company. Returning to the deck, he heard the crew singing, "Lord, I am Thine." The anchor held, and all were saved.

Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893

IN the year 1866 the Malpas, Middlewich, and Nantwich Choral Association was planning to hold its annual musical festival in Nantwich, England. These united choirs desired to render a hymn especially written for the occasion, and so they asked for such a hymn from the Vicar of Crewe Green, the Rev. John Ellerton, who had become chaplain of Lord Crewe, six years before. He had already begun to be known as a writer of hymns, among them at that time being "This day the Lord's disciples met," which he had written in 1855 for a class of children. He consented to write the desired choir hymn, and the result was one of the most popular of nearly one hundred hymns which he has bequeathed to English hymnody, "Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise."

In writing it he had in mind a tune in Edward H. Thorne's then recent collection, entitled "Saint Agnes." It is usually sung now to the tune, "Ellers," by E. J. Hopkins, but the author preferred in later years Doctor Dykes's tune, "Pax Dei."

John Ellerton is remembered to-day not so much for his pastoral work and preaching as on account of his interest in hymns. Not only was he a hymn-writer and translator of hymns, but also a hymnologist and editor of hymn books, in the latter capacity having been associated with Bishop How and others in producing *Church Hymns,* 1871. His espousal of the Oxford Movement is reflected in the worshipful content of his hymn, which is recognizable in this "parting hymn of praise." This vein of churchliness runs through scores of his hymns. His best translation is "Welcome, happy morning, age to age shall say," from Venantius Fortunatus.

Great God! Beneath Whose Piercing Eye

WILLIAM ROSCOE, 1753-1831

WILLIAM ROSCOE, a British banker and lawyer of Liverpool, in 1788 wrote a hymn in six-line verses (of which this is a modified form) in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the English Revolution of 1688. With the perspective of a century, the deep significance and lasting results of that great political upheaval were more fully appreciated than at the time of the event.

James the Second, shortly after his accession to the throne, betrayed his purpose, in league with the French king, to bring Protestant England under Roman Catholic political domination. Doubling the standing army, he filled it with Catholic officers. The government of Scotland he intrusted to two Catholic lords. In Ireland Catholics were appointed at the head of the army and in other important positions. In England he began measures to transform the Church of England into a Roman institution. The nation became alarmed, but revolt was tempered by the fact that Mary, heir to the throne, was the wife of William of Orange.

The trial of the bishops for resisting the Declaration of Indulgence, the king's repression of Protestantism in Ireland, and the birth of the king's son finally induced the nobles to invite William of Orange to seize the government by force. He landed with troops, about whom all England rallied. James after a futile resistance fled to France and eventually Parliament declared William and Mary to be England's sovereigns; thus guaranteeing the ascendancy of the Protestant faith. This event the hymn celebrates in gratitude:

> "Thy kindness to our fathers shown
> Their children's children long shall own."

Its author and his three children, William Stanley, Mary Ann, and Jane, all became hymnists.

See How Great a Flame Aspires

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

How many hymns Charles Wesley composed while riding horseback we cannot tell. As he jogged along the country roads of England and Wales, from John o' Groats to Land's End, riding alone from one preaching engagement to another, his mind was constantly active either in preparing the message of salvation he was to deliver, or in composing new Methodist hymns.

At the end of a day's travels, arriving at an inn or at some Methodist home where friends might be awaiting his coming, he would sometimes leap from his horse and rush indoors, shouting, "Pen and paper! pen and paper!" So full was his mind of the hymn he had been composing that he would not even greet his friends until the words of the new hymn had been safely set down upon paper, lest some phrase of it be lost. That ceremony completed, he would salute his brethren cordially and perhaps hold a prayer meeting with them.

In the late forties he traversed that portion of central England known as "The Black Country," so called because of the coal mines and blast furnaces and iron foundries, whose smoke filled the skies. From there he came to preach to the colliers at Newcastle-on-Tyne and by night left the city for some other point upon his ever-changing itinerary. He began to compose a hymn and the fires of the furnaces, reflected against the smoky skies, gave him a figure of speech for his opening stanza:

> "See how great a flame aspires,
> Kindled by a spark of grace;
> Jesus' love the nations fires,
> Sets the kingdoms in a blaze."

The hymn is entitled "After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers."

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847

SECURING an education, though battling with poverty, and then entering the ministry, there to be "jostled from one curacy to another," as he expressed it, Henry F. Lyte had many a cross to take in following his Master, even before he settled in his longest pastorate at Brixham in Devonshire, 1823-47. But Brixham Parish added more troubles, for a bitter controversy between the Arminians and Calvinists in his church brought new perplexities. During this turmoil he wrote "Jesus, I my cross have taken," containing the lines,

> "Man may trouble and distress me,
> 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast."

An experience of his in 1818, six years before the publication of the hymn, explains its spirit of deep consecration. Suddenly called to the bedside of a dying clergyman, who felt unfit for his coming adventure, he was distressed to know what to say, as his own experience was then unsatisfactory. At length they both found spiritual help in Saint Paul's writings, and his friend died happy. Lyte said: "I was greatly affected by the whole matter, and brought to look at life and its issue with a different eye than before; and I began to study my Bible and preach in another manner than I had previously done." This inspired his whole ministry and made possible the writing of this hymn.

In the Holland Purchase the Methodist congregation had dwindled down to one old woman who regularly came alone to pray and sing. Two young men, once spying on her from the loft, were so stirred as she sang "Jesus, I my cross have taken," that they cried out for mercy, came forward to the altar and were converted. A revival broke out and soon the church was built up again.

Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus

JOHN BAKEWELL, 1721-1819

NOT far from the grave of John Wesley in the burying-ground of the City Road Chapel, London, their lies the body of John Bakewell, who died in Lewisham, near Greenwich, March 18, 1819, at the ripe old age of ninety-eight. His tombstone records this eulogy: "He adorned the doctrine of God, our Saviour, eighty years, and preached His glorious gospel about seventy years. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'" The author of a number of hymns, most of them left in manuscript, he is remembered chiefly by this hymn on the Ascension, "Hail, Thou once despised Jesus."

Bakewell was converted when eighteen years old, largely through the reading of Boston's *Fourfold State,* and at once became a flaming evangelist. Some men tried to stop him from preaching, menaced him with threats and offered personal violence. But his prayers and eloquence overcame them and, before they could do him damage, they were converted and became his friends and helpers.

In 1744, the year of the first Methodist Conference, he started preaching and shortly afterward at London came into intimate association with John and Charles Wesley and their colleagues in evangelistic work. For some years he was at the head of the Greenwich Royal Park Academy and thereafter, leaving the institution in charge of his son-in-law, Dr. James Egan, devoted his whole time to Wesleyan preaching.

Two verses of his hymn were first published, 1757, in *A Collection of Hymns Addressed to the Holy, Holy, Holy Triune God.* Madan's *Psalms and Hymns,* 1760, gives four verses. Whether Madan or Bakewell expanded the hymn is not known. A. M. Toplady in his *Psalms and Hymns,* 1776, omitted the verse, beginning, "Paschal Lamb by God appointed," as being non-Calvinistic.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826

BEFORE going to India as Bishop of Calcutta, Reginald Heber was Vicar of Hodnet, England, for sixteen years. Devoted to the spiritual needs of his parish, he also took a deep and active interest in literature. Milman, Gifford and Southey were his dear friends, who prized him for his gentleness, his humor, and his fine taste. As a lecturer and an editor of *The Quarterly Review,* he won great respect.

He was conscious that the Church of England was not deriving the inspiration from its hymns, such as came to the dissenters through the use of the Wesley hymns and the Olney Hymns. He felt that Christian hymns should have a greater literary validity, should be genuinely poetical with a strong lyrical quality. Accordingly, he set about gathering hymns from the poets of the Romantic Movement and wrote many of his own in the vein of that school, then flourishing. All of his fifty-seven hymns were written at Hodnet. These with hymns by Milman and others he assembled in a collection which he would have published, save for the reluctance of the church authorities to indorse the book.

"The plan," says Julian, "was to compose hymns connected with the Epistles and Gospels, to be sung after the Nicene Creed." The hymn "Holy, holy, holy" was a part of this plan, and the name of Dykes's tune, "Nicæa," to which it is sung, suggests the city in Asia Minor, where in 325 A. D. the famous ecclesiastical council defended the doctrine of the Trinity against the Arian heresy.

He died in India, three years after becoming a bishop. His collection was published by his widow and exerted a greater influence upon English hymnody than its limited circulation might indicate.

How Blest the Righteous When He Dies

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1743-1825

MRS. BARBAULD was the daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, a dissenting minister of Kibworth-Harcourt in Leistershire. When she was ten years old her father became a teacher of the classics in the Academy at Warrington. As she grew into young womanhood she became acquainted with one of the boys attending her father's school, Rochemont Barbauld, and eventually they fell in love with each other. Their intellectual tastes had developed along similar lines. Though her father had objected at first, she took up the study of Latin and Greek, and also studied poetry, publishing her first volume in 1773. The following year she married Barbauld, who was a descendant of a French Protestant family and had entered the ministry.

While serving as pastor Barbauld managed a boarding school in Palgrave, Suffolk. Later he served churches in Hampstead and in Newington Green. In all of his undertakings, in church and in school, his wife was his active and sympathetic partner. Twelve years and a half after their marriage he fell ill and died. But his death was the triumphant passing of a righteous soul, and this fact helped her to bear her poignant sorrow with true Christian resignation and to express that sense of triumph in the hymn, which James Montgomery slightly altered to its present form:

> "How blest the righteous when he dies!
> When sinks a weary soul to rest,
> How mildly beam the closing eyes,
> How gently heaves th' expiring breast!"

She first published it anonymously, the year after his death. Ten years later it appeared in Montgomery's revised form in Cotterill's *Selections.* In *The Works of Anna Lætitia Barbauld, With Memoir,* it is entitled "The Death of the Virtuous."

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821-1877

THE influence of the Psalms in English hymnody and worship has been immeasurable. For a long time after the Reformation no hymns were allowed to be sung in some of the Christian communions, unless they were taken from the Psalms. This accounts for the great number of metrical translations into English which have been made from the ancient Hebrew Psalter through the centuries. The first English book of any kind printed in America was a collection of metrical Psalms, known as the *Bay Psalm Book,* published in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640. Many of these earlier metrical psalms sound unbeautiful to modern readers, and even ludicrous in their unpoetical passages. Our present hymnals, however, abound in noble and truly poetical renderings of these ancient hymns of the psalmists.

Probably none of the psalms is so well known as the Shepherd Psalm, the Twenty-third, attributed to David; and it is a rare hymnic distinction of its author that the hymn, "The King of Love my Shepherd is," has been regarded by many hymnologists as the most beautiful English translation of this Psalm.

Sir Henry Williams Baker was the eldest son of a British admiral and was a graduate of Cambridge University. As such he had the choice of many different fields for a distinguished career in English national life. He chose the Christian ministry, and was ordained in 1844. The same year he was knighted, 1851, he became Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire, where he remained until his death. Ellerton tells us his last words were the third verse of this hymn,

> "And on His shoulder gently laid,
> And home, rejoicing, brought me."

How Sad Our State By Nature Is

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

WHEN Watts first published this hymn in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* he entitled it "Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification." John Wesley made just one half of his first hymnal, the Charlestown *Collection of Psalms and Hymns,* 1737-38, from Watts's hymns. In the fifth stanza (usually now omitted) of this hymn he changed the line, "With all his hellish crew," to "With his infernal crew." In the line, "A guilty, weak and helpless worm," the word "worm," as applied to mankind, offends modern taste as it did not the singers of one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Doctor Spence in *Pastor's Sketches* tells the story of the remarkable effect of this hymn on a young woman, who had sung it in church, the preceding Sabbath. Coming to him, she declared: "The way of salvation all seems to me now perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone." When he asked, "What has brought you to this state of mind?" she replied: "When you were reading that hymn last night I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never seen it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but to trust in Christ,

> 'A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
> On Thy kind arms I fall.'

I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn; and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so light and makes me so contented. Why, sir, don't you think that the reason that we do not get out of darkness sooner is that we don't believe?"

Arm of the Lord, Awake, Awake!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

IN *Hymns and Sacred Poems,* 1739, first appeared Charles Wesley's hymn,

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on."

On Tuesday evening, October 23, 1739, John Wesley had a strange experience with a young woman in Kingswood, who seemed to be possessed of the devil. In his *Journal* of that date he says:

"She was nineteen or twenty years old; but, it seems, could not write or read. I found her on the bed, two or three persons holding her. It was a terrible sight. Anguish, horror, and despair, above all description, appeared in her pale face. The thousand distortions of her whole body showed how the dogs of hell were gnawing her heart. The shrieks intermixed were scarce to be endured. But her stony eyes could not weep. She screamed out, as soon as words could find their way, 'I am damned, damned; lost forever.'" etc.

At last when she began praying to the devil, Wesley and his friends sang "Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!" which quieted her while the hymn continued. They prayed for her and one other woman under conviction of sin, until past eleven, "when God, in a moment, spoke peace into the soul, first of the first tormented, and then of the other. And they both joined in singing praise to Him who had 'Stilled the enemy and the avenger.'"

This hymn should not be confused with

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake."

by the shipwright and banker, William Shrubsole (1759-1829), which first appeared in *Missionary Hymns,* 1795.

Hail to the Sabbath Day

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH, 1809-1870

A YOUNG man of twenty-two, recently graduated from the Divinity School at Cambridge, '30, was writing about the "Walk through the Cornfields," as Jesus discoursed to His disciples upon the significance of the Sabbath; and, to crown the thought of this meditation, the author wrote the hymn, "Hail to the Sabbath day." This study and its appended hymn became Section Twelve in a book by Samuel G. Bulfinch, published by Carter and Hendee in Boston, 1832, and entitled *Contemplations of the Saviour: A Series of Extracts from the Gospel History, with Reflections and Original and Selected Hymns.*

The international fame of his father, Charles Bulfinch, originally of Boston, is an interesting commentary upon one of the stanzas of the hymn, perhaps the explanation of its architectural figure:

> "Thy temple is the arch
> Of yon unmeasured sky;
> The Sabbath, the stupendous march
> Of vast eternity."

The elder Bulfinch designed the Massachusetts State House, Boston City Hall, Faneuil Hall, and more than forty New England churches and prominent buildings. He was most widely known as the architect of the National Capitol, Washington, to which place he brought his family in 1818; his son, the future hymn-writer, graduating from Columbian College in 1827.

Two years after its first publication, this hymn was reprinted in the author's *Poems,* 1834. Beard in England included it in his *Collection,* 1837, along with eighteen other hymns by Bulfinch. It became popular immediately on both sides of the Atlantic. Bulfinch included it in his *Lays of the Gospel,* 1845.

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

WILLIAM KETHE, 16th century

JOHN CALVIN consented to return to Geneva from a brief exile in Strasburg, Germany, on condition (among other stipulations) that he be allowed to introduce psalm-singing in Protestant worship. Fearful of possible false doctrines in the German and Latin hymns, such as Luther was using, he had permitted his congregation in Strasburg to sing only translations into French verse of scriptural passages. To these, on returning to Geneva, he added some metrical psalms by the popular French poet, Clément Marot, some of which were already in use by Catholics as well as Protestants, and made a collection therefrom for use in Geneva. Calvin employed, among others, some of the new tunes of a French composer, Louis Bourgeois; and, in the enlarged Genevan *Psalm Book* of 1551, the tune we call "Old Hundred," by Bourgeois, appeared, set to Psalm 134.

Meanwhile a Scotchman, William Kethe, along with a company of other Protestants, had fled to Frankfort when Queen Mary ascended the throne. But a quarrel over the Prayer Book led Kethe and a party of his friends to proceed to Geneva, where they found Calvin's methods more congenial. John Knox there became their pastor. They soon emulated Calvin's psalm-singing, and for their worship Kethe versified twenty-five psalms in English, among them being the hundredth psalm, written for the Bourgeois tune. It was published in Daye's *Psalter,* 1560-61, and the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter,* 1561. The tune was named "Old Hundredth."

When the exiles returned under a Protestant king, their psalm book was developed into the Sternhold and Hopkins version, 1562: its Appendix, 1564, revived Kethe's hundredth psalm, which is the oldest of the early metrical psalms in general use to-day.

I Shall Not Want: in Deserts Wild

CHARLES FORCE DEEMS, 1820-1893

A GRADUATE of Dickinson College in 1839, and for four years president of the Greensboro Female College, North Carolina, Doctor Deems was a prominent member of several General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Civil War brought many sufferings upon him. His son, Theodore, lieutenant in the Confederate army, was mortally wounded at Gettysburg. On the last day of 1863 Deems wrote in his diary:

"All is dark. O Lord, teach me to stay my heart upon Thee! My property is greatly diminished, my home totally broken up, my first-born hath been slain, my servant is dead, my children's prospect of education is restricted, and many of my friends are wounded or prisoners."

His son, the Rev. Edward M. Deems, recently wrote to us his conviction that this experience must have been a part of the background of "father's hymn, 'I shall not want.' He lost *everything* in the Civil War, and from 1865 to 1868 were anxious years for him and his family." After the war he came to New York city to edit a religious paper and in 1866 established there the Church of the Strangers, which he served as pastor until his death, twenty-seven years later.

One night in 1872 he felt himself almost overborne by the cares of his struggling church, an independent congregation. At last he found comfort and strength in repeating the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Retiring to bed, he continued repeating it and gradually he found himself paraphrasing it in meter and rime until four stanzas were completed. Next morning, fortunately, he remembered these lines and immediately after waking wrote down the hymn, which has met wide favor, "I shall not want: in deserts wild."

My God, I Love Thee, Not Because

St. Teresa, 1515-1582

St. Francis Xavier, 1506-1552
(Translated by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878)

This hymn of devotion to Christ is believed to have been derived from a Spanish sonnet of the sixteenth century, beginning, "No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte." It is attributed to Saint Teresa in some of the later editions of her *Poesias,* though scholarship has been unable to trace it to earlier printings of her works.

A Latin translation, beginning with the lines,

"O Deus, ego amo Te,
Nec amo Te ut salves me,"

has been assigned by tradition to Saint Francis Xavier, but this conclusion also is unverified. Julian says: "The Latin form is probably by Xavier or some German Jesuit." In 1668 J. Scheffler published a German translation in his *Heilige Seelenlust,* with the title, "She [the soul] loves God simply for Himself, with the Holy Xavier. Also from the Latin." Some English translations have been made from this German form.

Our English translation, tender and beautiful, was made in 1849 by Edward Caswall and appeared in his *Lyra Catholica.* There are six different versions of his translation. Besides, the Latin hymn has been translated into English by many other poets, and also into other languages.

It is an excellent example of the coursing of hymnic thought through different tongues. But in whatever language it appears, there is no diminution of the brightness or warmth in the flame of devotion it describes and kindles. It expresses profoundly that holy devotion which made Teresa's saintly life memorable. It must have inspirited Xavier, that courageous missionary, who while approaching China laid down his life for Christ.

When Gathering Clouds Around I View

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1785-1838

THE author of this hymn, expressing tenderly the soul's dependence upon the Saviour, achieved a distinguished career in the service of Great Britain. After nineteen years at the British Bar he was elected to Parliament in 1826 from Inverness, became a privy councillor in 1831, and governor of Bombay in 1834. His father was an officer in the East India Company, and Sir Robert wrote many volumes on the work of that organization. In 1838 he died at Dapoorie, western India.

The year after his death his brother, Lord Glenelg, published this hymn and eleven other hymns and poems under the title, *Sacred Poems. By the Late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant.* It was reprinted in 1844 and in 1868.

The hymn first appeared, however, in the *Christian Observer* of February, 1806, the year of his graduation from Cambridge University. It must have been, therefore, the work of a college undergraduate. One writer tells us that it came out of the author's illness and affliction, though of this we cannot be certain. Undoubtedly, it was produced by the young man's experiences which drove him to discover the necessity and comfort of Christ's presence with him; and the hymn has had remarkable power in comforting thousands of other souls with the same sense of dependence upon Him. It traces the experiences of Christ's life, in suffering "every human pain" (verse 1), in temptation (verse 2), in His betrayal (verse 3), in bearing "the sickening anguish of despair" (verse 4), in sorrowing (verse 5), and in death (verse 6); and brings every sufferer to Him who "sees my wants, allays my fears."

The onomatopœia of an on-rushing thunderstorm may be heard in the first line of R. Bingham's Latin translation (1871), "Quum circumcirca glomerantia nubila cornam."

Thou Lord of Light Across the Years

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1850-

WHEN Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, celebrated in November, 1917, the semi-centennial of its foundation, the President, Doctor Ezra Squier Tipple, requested Doctor North to write a commemoration ode for the event; and this stirring hymn concerning the devout search for truth was the result. A trustee of the Seminary since 1907, and a frequent lecturer before its students, Doctor North was exceptionally equipped to understand intimately and to reproduce eloquently in his hymn the spirit of the institution where "wisdom found its sacrament."

Years later, 1926, when an equestrian statue of Francis Asbury, pioneer bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was erected upon the campus of the Seminary, the unveiling of the monument was signalized by the singing of Doctor North's lines on "Francis Asbury," beginning, "From out the stern heroic past,"—probably the most poetic of all of his writings. It is more of a poem than a hymn, although the concluding stanzas are hymnic in spirit and in form:

> O Master of his life and ours,
> Thou art the Light, Thou art the Force!

Concerning the method of its production, Doctor North has said: "The most difficult problem in writing this was to retain the idea of Asbury's personality and at the same time to put it in such a way as to express the statue. It is one thing to choose either one or the other for poetic treatment, but a much more difficult task to personalize the statue and to view it with the experience of Asbury himself. This, at least, was my aim in writing the poem."

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

THE story that this hymn was written while Charles Wesley was in hiding after his escape from a threatening mob is altogether apocryphal; for in the year of its writing (1740) there had not yet burst forth that violence of opposition to the Wesleys which reached its height of fury four years later. Equally legendary in all probability is the story that these lines were suggested by a bird that sought refuge from a pursuing hawk or an onrushing storm.

John Wesley, disgusted by the excessive anthropomorphism in some of the current Moravian hymns, hesitated to let this hymn come into general use; and it did not appear in the Methodist Hymnbook until nine years after Charles Wesley's death. Despite this hesitancy of Wesley's and also the bitter opposition of such leaders as Bishop Wordsworth and Canon Ellerton, the hymn finally won its way to popular favor, probably because it awakened universally a response in the hearts of men to its expression of Christian experiences. At last it became recognized by many as "the finest heart hymn in the English language." Henry Ward Beecher said of it: "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

Dean Samuel Crossman of Bristol in 1653 said: "A song may find him who a sermon flies." Such a song has this hymn frequently proved to be, as is illustrated in the following incident:

A young man by the name of Wilson F. Randolph one night was walking the streets of Newark, New Jersey, when suddenly he heard an organ playing a familiar hymn-tune. He looked up and saw that he

was standing near a large church. The congregation began singing "Jesus, Lover of my soul," which his mother had taught him when he was a boy. Although she had tried to make him a Christian man, he was now living a life of sin in company with evil companions.

This hymn, thus bursting upon his night, startled him with memories of his mother's faith in God and reminded him of the long way he had wandered from the Christian life. He remembered every word of that hymn and, all alone out on the side-walk, he softly sang each verse with the congregation, making it his own desperate cry to God for rescue from sin, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." With tears he sang, "Other refuge have I none." And when the last two lines of the hymn were sung,

> Spring Thou up within my heart,
> Rise to all eternity,

it seemed to him that the love of God was springing up within his soul; and from that moment he knew that he was saved.

Fifty years later, in telling the writer of this incident, he declared that his conversion from sin was due to that hymn. As evidence of the genuineness of his conversion, he spent a half century in the Christian ministry, a member of the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Notes

On "We knelt before kings," p. 12.

During the World War some of the stanzas were altered, notably the last stanza with this couplet:

"On the wings of war's whirlwind God's judgments fly fast,
And the day of the people is dawning at last."

At the end of the war this was again changed thus:

"Through the murk of the present, from the shame of the past,
The day of the people is dawning at last."

On "Come, ye that love the Lord," p. 75.

George John Stevenson, Master of the Reformatory School at Southwark, England, tells the following story of an adventure, suffered by Mr. James Martin of Liverpool: "In 1831 he was a passenger in the Rothsay Castle, when she was wrecked between Liverpool and Beaumaris, when ninety-three persons perished and only twenty-one were saved. When he was floating on a plank from off which several had been washed, as the waves were breaking over him, he exclaimed,

'The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas,' etc.

"After he was rescued, his life was afresh dedicated to God. He became a leader of three classes and worked with untiring energy in the cause."

Such rimes as "seas" and "surveys" in the stanza quoted have given rise to the mistaken impression that eighteenth-century hymnists were faulty in their riming. The Wesleys rimed "join" with "divine," "breaks" with "speaks," "prayer" with "hear," and "creator" with "nature." But these were valid rimes in eighteenth-century pronunciation. For a more extended discussion of this, see chapter on "Charles Wesley's Brogue" in *Curiosities of the Hymnal* (The Abingdon Press).

INDEX

	PAGE
All People That on Earth Do Dwell	104
And Can It Be That I Should Gain	47
And Now, My Soul, Another Year	51
Arm of the Lord, Awake, Awake!	102
Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays	53
Awaked by Sinai's Awful Sound	55
Be Strong!	18
Before Jehovah's Awful Throne	58
Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine	59
Blest Be the Dear Uniting Love	61
Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation	56
Christian, Dost Thou See Them	38
Come, Holy Ghost, in Love	39
Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs	49
Come, O My Soul, in Sacred Lays	62
Come, Saviour, Jesus, From Above	65
Come, Thou Everlasting Lord	67
Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain	70
Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy	72
Come, Ye That Love the Lord	75
Commit Thou All Thy Griefs	76
Creator Spirit! By Whose Aid	78
Day Is Dying in the West	20
Dread Jehovah! God of Nations	10
Fear Not, O Little Flock, the Foe	82
From Glory Unto Glory!	14
Glory Be to God on High	73
Glory to Thee, My God, This Night	83
Go, Labor On, Spend and Be Spent	33
Go to Dark Gethsemane	86
God Bless Our Native Land	80
God Calling Yet! Shall I Not Hear?	88
God Moves in a Mysterious Way	11
God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand	22

PAGE

Great God! Beneath Whose Piercing Eye..... 94
Hail, Thou Once Despisèd Jesus..... 97
Hail to the Sabbath Day!..... 103
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty..... 98
How Blest the Righteous When He Dies..... 99
How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord..... 13
How Sad Our State by Nature Is..... 101
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds..... 85
I Am So Glad That Our Father in Heaven..... 79
I Need Thee Every Hour..... 84
I Shall Not Want: in Deserts Wild..... 105
I Would Not Live Alway; I Ask Not to Stay..... 91
I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord..... 89
In Age and Feebleness Extreme..... 37
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken..... 96
Jesus, Lover of My Soul..... 109
Jesus, My All, to Heaven Is Gone..... 40
Jesus, the Calm That Fills My Breast..... 15
Jesus, the Name High Over All..... 32
Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee..... 42
Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come..... 44
Leave God to Order All Thy Ways..... 9
Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine..... 92
Lord, It Belongs Not to My Care..... 24
Lord of All Power and Might..... 35
Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee..... 36
My God, I Love Thee, Not Because..... 106
My God, My Father, While I Stray..... 45
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt..... 34
Near the Cross Was Mary Weeping..... 46
Not Alone for Mighty Empire..... 31
Now God Be With Us, for the Night Is Closing..... 50
Now the Day Is Over..... 63
O Day of Rest and Gladness..... 64
O for a Closer Walk With God..... 66
O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee..... 17
O Perfect Love, All Human Thought Transcending.. 69
O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow..... 71

PAGE

O Thou God of My Salvation..... 74
One More Day's Work for Jesus..... 81
One Sweetly Solemn Thought..... 77
Our Fathers' God, to Thee We Raise..... 25
Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour..... 68
Praise God From Whom All Blessing Flow..... 21
Rescue the Perishing..... 90
Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise..... 93
See How Great a Flame Aspires..... 95
Sunset and Evening Star..... 87
Teach Me, My God and King..... 57
Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand..... 48
The Church's One Foundation..... 28
The King of Love My Shepherd Is..... 100
The Lord Our God Alone Is Strong..... 29
There Is a Green Hill Far Away..... 60
There Were Ninety and Nine That Safely Lay..... 26
Thou Hidden Love of God, Whose Height..... 30
Thou Lord of Light Across the Years..... 108
We Knelt Before Kings, We Bent Before Lords.... 12
We Praise Thee, O God..... 54
What a Friend We Have in Jesus..... 52
When Gathering Clouds Around I View..... 107
When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain..... 27
When Peace, Like a River, Attendeth My Way..... 23
When the Weary, Seeking Rest..... 41
Who Are These Arrayed in White?..... 16
Ye Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim..... 43

DATE DUE

Demco, Inc. 38-293

CINCINNATI BIBLE COLLEGE & SEM. LIBRARY
main
264.2 P945m
Price, Carl Fowler/More hymn stories
3 4320 00083 4855

264.2 P945m
Ac. #29818
Price, Carl Fowler.
More hymn stories

GEORGE MARK ELLIOTT LIBRARY
The Cincinnati Bible Seminary

264.2 P945m
Ac. #29818
Price, Carl Fowler.
More hymn stories

DEMCO